The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXIX No. 24 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS

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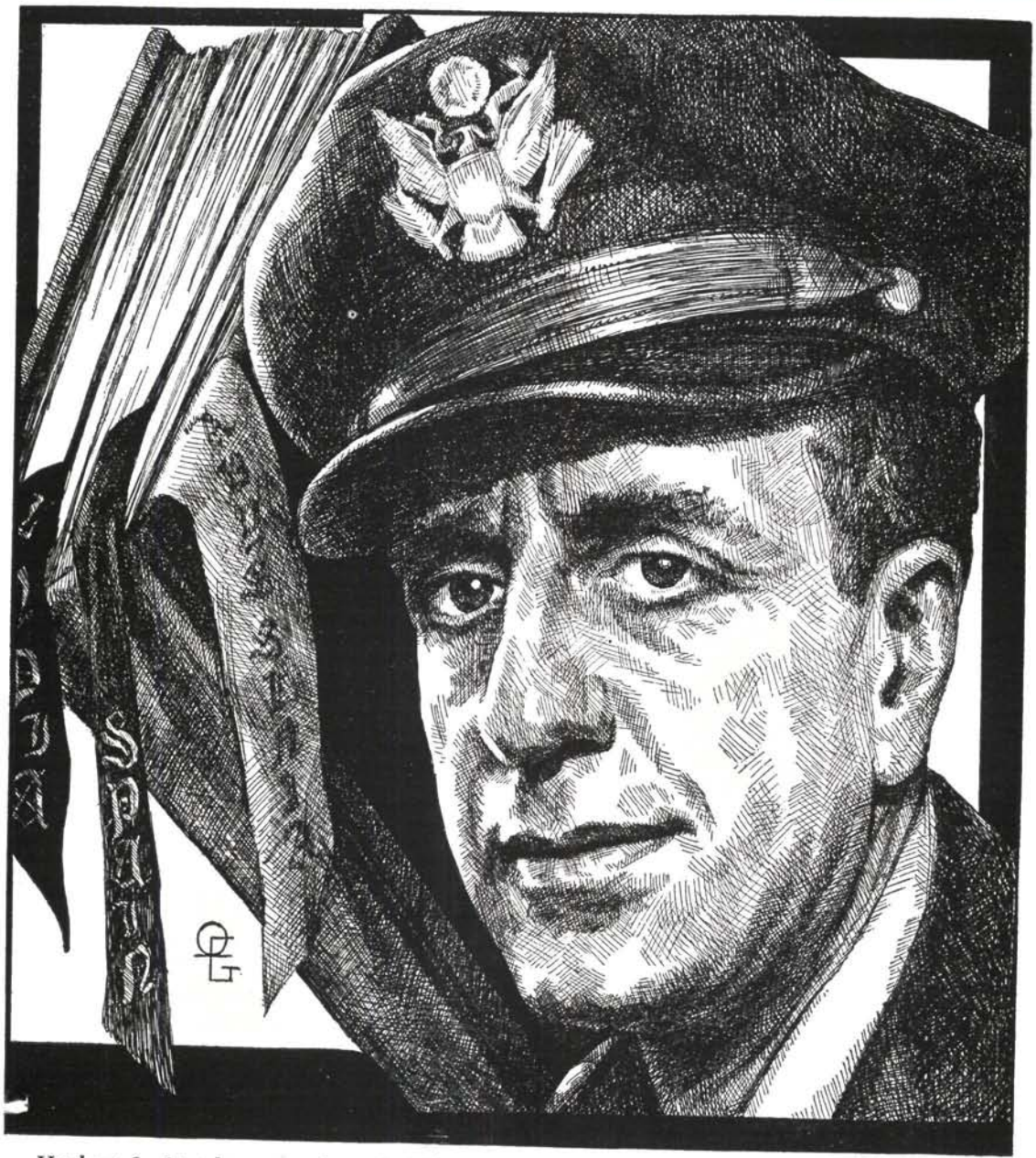

Herbert L. Matthews, author of "The Education of a Correspondent." *(See Page 10)*

A Beginning for Sanity

BY NORMAN COUSINS AND THOMAS K. FINLETTER

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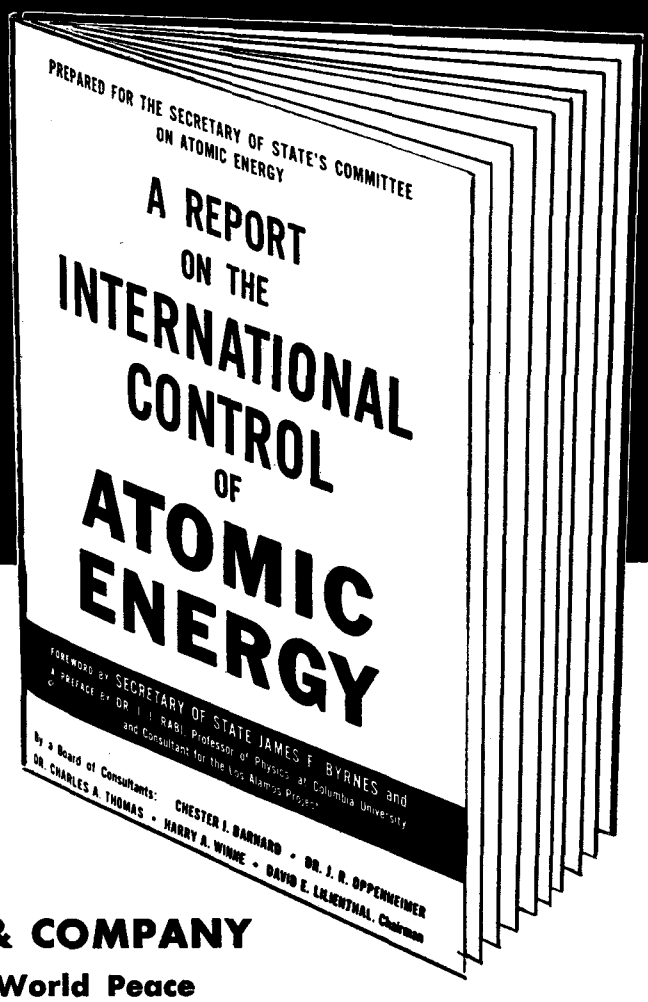
PREPARED FOR THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S COMMITTEE ON ATOMIC ENERGY
A REPORT ON THE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY
FOREWORD BY SECRETARY OF STATE JAMES F. BYRNES and A PREFACE BY DR. I. I. RABI, Professor of Physics at Columbia University and Consultant for the Los Alamos Project
By a Board of Consultants: CHESTER I. BARNARD • DR. J. R. OPPENHEIMER DR. CHARLES A. THOMAS • HARRY A. WINNE • DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, Chairman

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY

in the interest of World Peace

makes available the REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY. This report, undertaken by a committee at the request of the Secretary of State, is designed to serve as a guide for the United States representative on the United Nations Commission on Atomic Energy. That the American people may know the details of this report, the hope that it holds for the world in its plan for International Control, we are publishing it in its entirety at no profit, and making it available throughout the country at a very low cost.

The Report gives the broad outline of a political mechanism which will have a two-fold purpose: first, of providing a high degree of security to the peoples of the world against the use of atomic weapons; second, to retain the advantages of the multiform beneficient applications of atomic energy for power, heat, medical therapy, and the general advance of scientific understanding of the physical world.

It cannot be overemphasized that the failure of the United Nations to follow some such program will lead to an arms race and the eventual international chaos of another, and more frightful war. This Report shows that America can safeguard her present and future position until an international organization capable of guaranteeing world peace is set up. It is of great importance that these facts be presented to as many people as possible so that they will use their voice in support of such a program.

That is why we have published this book and urge everyone to read it, to lend it to friends, and to help America and the world along the path towards international co-operation and permanent peace.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Gramon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 24, June 15, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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Spoonhandle

A NOVEL BY

RUTH MOORE

Author of THE WEIR

With this beautifully realized novel of Maine, Ruth Moore takes her place as a major writer, one of the really fine fiction talents of recent years.

The Stilwells, who live on the Maine coast, might be people you've known all your life. Pete and his sister Agnes are like the Little Foxes; they are homespun manipulators. Hod and Willie, who fish for a living, care more for dignity than money, and Hod cares very much for Ann Freeman, just home from the city.

"These are the people I know . . . every one of them is true and real."

—MARY ELLEN CHASE

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MORROW

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In the author's own words...

The Subject

UNTERRIFIED. An adjective derisively applied to the Democratic party, and sometimes coupled with "Unwashed". 1832-1863.

An American Glossary. R. H. Thornton

The People

MRS. VAIL. How would she take this bride, this new and foreign beauty, stepping into her own dead daughter's place so easily? How did she feel about the Senator's wedding a young wife, after all these years a widower; mourning her daughter, his lost darling, as everyone had thought; paying no heed to any women, until now—when he was past sixty—he must suddenly fancy a pretty widow, a girl young enough to be his daughter, marry her out of hand, and bring her home to New York from Kentucky without a word said? How did old Mrs. Romelia Vail feel about such goings-on? How would she welcome this interloper in her household, this intruder, this young successor to her dead daughter's sainted memory?

They got no change out of Mrs. Vail.

RANYARD KING. The new Mrs. King couldn't be much older than Ranny—twenty-five—and what would he think of a stepmother like that? He's so handsome, some of the younger mammas said. "Don't you think Ranny's handsome, Mrs. Vail?" But still, there was something about Ranny; not exactly handsome, perhaps, but interesting. So tall, so dark, so dashing.

SENATOR KING. The group drew apart to allow Senator King to reach his son. As tall as Ranyard, and as straight, the old man was handsome too, in his angular way; his hair was a bright silver crown upon a splendid dome of head His features, blurred slightly with age, were still elegant, patrician, commanding. As the two men shook hands, the likeness between them was extraordinary. And of course the Senator thought the sun rose and set on Ran. He was fond of his other son, Nate, too, the gossips agreed, but it wasn't the same.

NATE KING. Nate took after his mother's folks—light complexioned, blue eyes, yellow hair—and everything about him quieter, more studious, more thoughtful. Near the door Nate stood with a covey of young fry, looking on at the party. He was trying to be casual about his new stepmother.

"She's all right," he said. "She's from down in Kentucky. Kentucky isn't secesh. It's a Border State. The South's trying to get 'em to secede and the North's trying to keep 'em in the Union."

Nate took a deep breath. "She's awfully nice," he said carefully. "I'm glad Father's married her."

DEXTER BARD. Ran let his eyes rove to find the young lady who was his new mamma, who was smiling at her partner in Union blues. That soldier was Dexter Bard, his cousin. Ran watched them, a frown deepening between his eyes. He hadn't known Dex was at home. He must be on furlough. The young man was as tall as Ran and as dark, but more slender, with a face as fine-tempered as a sword.

LACEY KING. In the circle of Dexter's arm, a figure in white satin moved, as light as a cloud. Words formed themselves slowly in Ran's mind: this must be his father's wife; so young; so lovely. Rising from a foam of gauze and flowers, her shoulders were pearly, rounded, showing a snowy valley where her breasts divided; her arms were slender as a young girl's; her hands, hidden in white gloves, were narrow and tiny against Dex's blue sleeve. But her face—Ran's eyes moved irresistibly to follow it as she moved in the dance. A pointed face, heart-shaped, the cheek-bones rather high, pale skin, a mouth full-lipped, red as a dark strawberry. But the eyes were what Ran had to look at; large, with heavy white lids and very long dark lashes. He thought they were blue, but it was not their color that held him. It was something about the way they were set, as though they slanted down at the outer corners, drooped the least bit in the world, as her red lips drooped. Never widely opened, they held a look of unspoken sorrow, of something withheld and secret that made a man long to protect her.

JOHN ANDREWS. I don't like this man, Ran thought, and was surprised that the idea should arise in his mind. I don't like him. I don't know why. He's a good-looking chap. He's got a lot of go to him. His manner is pleasant. I didn't like it because he knew Lacey down in Kentucky. I didn't like the cool way he talked to her, as though he was amused to see her here. But that's no reason for refusing to work with him. If he's the right man, I'll throw in with him.

The Conflict: Personal

So many things we used to talk about, Dex was thinking, watching his cousin Ran's dark face. We used to say everything to each other. Sometimes we disagreed and fought, but that didn't matter. Since the day the war was declared, it's been different.

For thirty months these two had lived with a sword between them, seen it there, stepped around it .Tonight, both men leaned against its edge, found, in the shock of conflict, a kind of release for the new emotion that had attacked them. A quiet word, a soothing reply, a smile, would have carried them safely past this danger, but neither chose it. Instead, their nerves seized almost joyfully upon the moment: let the rebellion ripple! They spoke thoughts they had spent two years repressing.

The Conflict: Political

"Lincoln thinks he's saving the country, but I think he's giving it a death blow. I want something to stop the war before either side has won. I want the issue to be left undecided, so that no pride will be involved. If the slavery question has to wait, I don't care about that. The Union is more important. And the longer we let the South call itself a separate nation and think of itself as the Confederacy, instead of the United States of America, the harder it will be to knit us together again."

* * * *

There you have them, and in the author's own words, the ingredients of an absorbing, passionate novel rooted deep in the conflicts of Americans who did not see eye to eye in the War between the States.

MRS. ROBERTSON, whose FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT amply satisfied its many readers, has continued to grow in stature as a novelist, not only in her art as teller of a rousing, dramatic story for its own sake, but also in her mastery of innumerable historical details. She has done monumental research, but her sixteen pages of bibliography need deter no one; the result shows only in a brilliant re-creation of the days of 1863 in New York State. Those days, those people, those emotions, and the bitter turmoil they evoked are as much a part of our country's fibre as are Dexter Bard's solemn, dedicated words, "We *will* have peace . . . we *will* have it—even if we have to fight for it."

THE UNTERRIFIED

By CONSTANCE ROBERTSON

Author of FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT

503 pages, $3.00

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Beginning for Sanity

A REPORT ON THE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY. Prepared for the Secretary of State's Committee on Atomic Energy by a Board of Consultants — David E. Lilienthal, Chairman. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1946. 55 *pp.* 35¢.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS and THOMAS K. FINLETTER

FIRST, some background against which this report should be considered.

It is almost a year since this government first learned it could make an atomic weapon. But during that time the making of a policy to deal with it has had nothing of the bristling urgency and determination that went into the making of the bomb. Instead of a bold, affirmative program whose dimensions bore some relationship to the size of the problem, America has exhibited a policy of drift, default, and delay. It is doubtful whether ever in our history there has been an uglier or more ominous frittering away of critically valuable time.

Why is time so valuable? Simply because each day brings us closer to the time when other nations, working entirely on their own and without benefit of our much-vaunted "secrets," will have their own atomic weapons. The moment that happens—and we are advised by competent nuclear physicists not to count on a time factor of more than two or three years—it may be too late to set up world controls under world law. The atomic armaments race now being fertilized will have been born and fully formed.

And an armaments race is an armaments race, whether in respect to atomic weapons, battleships, bullets, or bows-and-arrows. As the stockpiles of weapons mount, so do the provocations and the tensions—curiously though not surprisingly. And the final provocation almost magically coincides with the discovery by any one nation or coalition of nations that it has a decisive margin in armaments over the others.

But the American people today have pennies over their eyes—pennies that blot out the bright light of sanity, pennies that prevent them from recognizing issues that will determine whether any of us will be alive a few years from now. These pennies are the domestic squabbles that have become not only a national preoccupation but a national obsession.

There seems to be no perceptible resistance to the idea of relying upon an atomic armaments race for security, or to the dangers that are inherent in such a race. It may be that the job of world control over atomic weapons and all other weapons of mass destruction is too demanding for a nation that feels it is entitled to a respite after a war. It may be that we are interested only in jobs we can cut down to our own size. It may be that we are so fascinated with limited objectives, and with ingrained ideas of gradualism, that we may not understand the crucial need for a majestic awareness of the immediateness of the problem and a determination to come to grips with the seemingly impossible.

If this drift seems like madness, consider how the madness is multiplied in view of the new implications of atomic warfare. A bigger stockpile of bombs offers little or no security to a nation which is hit first, particularly since the first blow may be the conclusive blow. It may very well be that we have fought the last war in which it will be possible to retaliate after the first blow is struck. For a nation which, by its very nature as well as by its constitutional processes, will not indulge in blitzkrieg aggression, a superior stockpile of atomic bombs may actually represent an added margin of danger rather than of defense in that it increases the chances of that nation being hit first in order to get it out of the way. The only real protection for a democracy in an atomic age is an organized peace under world law—the type of peace that some of our statesmen say we cannot have because the American people are not yet ready to make whatever readjustments of sovereignty are necessary to bring it about.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A New Force in the Atomic World.

THIS reluctance of course ignores some fairly fundamental readjustments that will have to be made once the atomic race is on in earnest. Do the American people know that an atomic armaments race means more than the manufacture of atomic bombs? Do they know it inevitably means the redistribution of population, the decentralization of our cities, the dispersal of our industries? Do they know that every American will be directly affected, that the required controls will of necessity be in the hands of the military, that it is a real question whether free institutions as we understand them can be maintained under the pressure of such vast and complicated changes? Do they know, finally, that America may be only a very few years away from such a "readjustment" and that the plans are even now being drawn up for that purpose?

This is not a matter of the military deliberately plotting to seize control of the nation. What is happening is that our failure to create a sound policy for atomic energy and other weapons of mass destruction looking toward effective world control creates a vacuum which is automatically being filled by the military. No one would ever accuse General Eisenhower or General Marshall of plotting a military state; but a powerful momentum is being set up which will inevitably force the War Department to carry out the biggest and most complicated physical change-over of a nation in the world's history—with all that that implies in the way

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of political and social readjustment and control.

If we ask ourselves how it is that we now find ourselves in this difficult and dangerous situation; how it is that only one year after victory the crisis is as serious, perhaps even more serious, considering our present unawareness of the danger, than it was at any time during the war; if we ask ourselves these questions, we naturally look back to see whether we have made any errors which figured in bringing about this danger, and, if so, whether the same policy that was responsible for these errors is still in effect.

There can be little question that the first error may have been the biggest error. The first error was the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Not the making of the atomic bomb; that we were forced to do out of sheer national preservation, for the enemy was working on atomic weapons as well. It was what we did with the atomic bomb after we made it that was a mountainous blunder.

IN making such a statement, we of course realize that it is highly volatile and requires full support and documentation. In creating a proper perspective for such substantiation, we refer to a report turned in to the War Department on June 11, 1945—one month before the New Mexico test, two months before Hiroshima. The report was made by a Committee on Social and Political Implications consisting of three physicists, three chemists, and one biologist under the chairmanship of Professor James Frank, of the University of Chicago. This report, not made public by the War Department at the time, is one of the most important American documents of recent years—even though it is virtually unknown to the American people. It is, in effect, a declaration of conscience and responsibility by scientists—a declaration that their first duty was to the general welfare, that they did not propose to stand aside in parched detachment while the products of their research were applied.

"In the past," they wrote, "scientists could disclaim direct responsibility for the use to which mankind had put their disinterested discoveries. We now feel compelled to take a more active stand because the success which we have achieved in the development of nuclear power is fraught with infinitely greater dangers than were all the inventions of the past. All of us, familiar with the present state of nucleonics, live with the vision before our eyes of sudden destruction visited on our own country, of a Pearl Harbor disaster repeated a thousand-fold magnification in every one of our major cities."

Soberly, and with great simplicity, they went on to show why no defense could be devised to offer *adequate* protection against a surprise atomic attack, and why only *adequate* international political organization of the world could offer any hope of security. They demonstrated why there were actually no "secrets" that other nations could not develop for themselves based on the actual knowledge of nucleonics known to exist in scientific laboratories throughout the world, and that all we had was a head start of perhaps a few short years.

They explained the peculiar vulnerability of America to atomic attack; why our densely populated metropolitan districts and our concentrated industries could be destroyed by instant and synchronized sabotage, if not by overhead attack. They explained why a quantitative advantage in atomic bombs was only an illusory advantage. "We are in a less favorable position than nations which are either now more diffusely populated and whose industries are more scattered, or whose governments have unlimited power over the movement of population and the location of industrial plants. . . . Russia and China are the only great nations at present which could survive a nuclear attack."

Because of all this, the report said, it was of critical importance that the

Is War Research Science?

By Edward U. Condon
Director, U. S. Bureau of Standards

WAR research is not true science. True science is an activity of free, critical, inquiring minds following a certain careful method of putting questions to Nature, critically examining the answers, slowly and laboriously following various leads, thus gradually adding to the body of human understanding of the world about us.

War research is quite a different activity. For it, the scientists are banded together to pool the available knowledge already acquired of fundamental scientific principles. The field is divided up and men are assigned to detailed development of devices pretty well forseen and almost wholly dependent on the application of already known principles.

It is in this sense that we have to say that very little scientific progress was made during the war years—even the atomic bomb was pretty well understood in terms of the basic applicable science, and certainly this was true of radar. Of course I am not competent to speak on this point with regard to the medical sciences.

I emphasize the distinction between war research and true science in order to make it clear that although war research flourished under the conditions which scientists accepted during the war, true science cannot. Any attempt to perpetuate into peacetime the restrictive practices which were used during the war will have disastrous consequences.

During the war scientists not only accepted the doctrine of secrecy about their work but also the doctrine of compartmentalization. According to the latter a particular worker has a particular task to do and is only allowed to have access to those results of others which someone in a higher echelon decides that he needs to know. This doctrine is usually justified by two arguments, (1) that it diminishes the tendency which scientists have of following up interesting by-paths of investigation, and (2) that in case an individual who was trusted turns out to be disloyal he is not in a position to reveal much.

But if we try to carry over such rules into the peacetime lives of our scientists, it spells death to our own activity. These policies immediately interfere with the proper teaching of the next generation of scientists. There being no known way of picking real scientific talent in advance, we must always try to teach science to many more students than stay with it as a profession. Compartmentalization implies that the main outline of a solution is in the hands of the person in the higher echelon who has to decide what each worker needs to know. That implies a higher degree of faith in the competence of the "big shots" of science than there is any basis for in fact, and sets up a procedure which can only retard the development of the young scientists.

The restoration of freedom to science is one of the essential elements in the civilization we have all been fighting for—freedom from secrecy and freedom from national barriers.

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bomb not be introduced in a way that would jeopardize America's long-range security, however great the apparent short-range advantages. A surprise attack by us with this new weapon—without any advance demonstration and without any ultimatum—involved much more than local military considerations. It required a political decision on the highest level.

"Russia, and even allied countries which bear less mistrust of our ways and intentions, as well as neutral countries, may be deeply shocked by this step. It may be very difficult to persuade the world that a nation which was capable of secretly preparing and suddenly releasing a new weapon, as indiscriminate as the rocket bomb and a thousand times more destructive, is to be trusted later in any proclaimed desire of having such weapons abolished by international agreement. . . . It is not at all certain that American public opinion, if it could be enlightened as to the effect of atomic explosives, would approve of our own country being the first to introduce such an indiscriminate method of wholesale destruction of civilian life.

"Thus . . . the military advantages and the saving of American lives achieved by the sudden use of atomic bombs against Japan may be outweighed by the ensuing loss of confidence and by a wave of horror and repulsion sweeping over the rest of the world."

Taking all this into account, the report recommended that the new weapon be demonstrated before the world, to be witnessed by representatives of the United Nations. The test bombing would be held on a barren island with appropriate safeguards.

What was happening was that the scientists were looking ahead, bearing in mind that the war with Germany was over and that we were already closing in for the kill in Japan; looking ahead and trying to anticipate the nature of the problem of world control of atomic energy after the war was over; looking ahead and trying to establish a sound basis for international agreement creating reliable safeguards.

"The best possible atmosphere for the achievement of an international agreement could be achieved if America could say to the world: 'You see what sort of weapon we had but did not use. We are ready to renounce its use in the future if other nations join us in this renunciation and agree to the establishment of an efficient international control.'

"After such a demonstration, the weapon might perhaps be used against Japan if the sanction of the United Nations (and of public opinion at home) were obtained, perhaps after a preliminary ultimatum to Japan to surrender or at least to evacuate certain regions as an alternative to their total destruction.

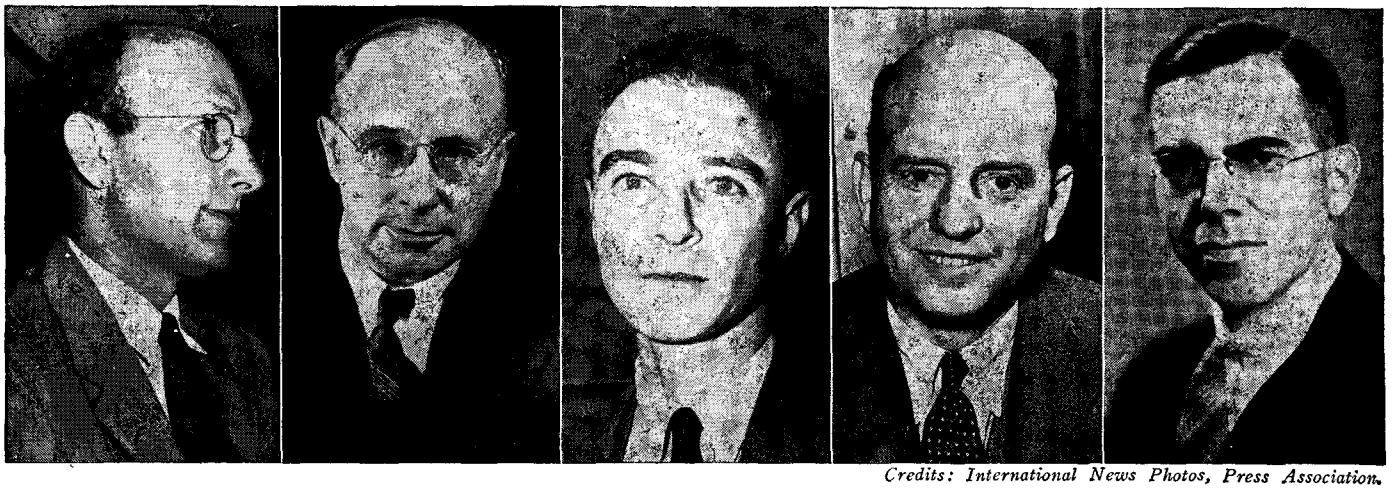
"This may sound fantastic, but in nuclear weapons we have something entirely new in order of magnitude of destructive power, and if we want to capitalize fully on the advantage their possession gives us, we must use new and imaginative methods."

SUMMING up, the scientists expressed their conviction that a unilateral approach to the dropping of the bomb, even apart from moral considerations, however overwhelming, would almost inevitably result in unilateral action by other nations. And unilateralism in an atomic age was not merely a problem but a fatal disease. We would be undermining a possible common ground upon which common controls might later be built. As a corollary, we would be destroying whatever stand we might later decide to take on outlawing the use of atomic weapons in warfare. It would be naive to expect other nations to take such a plea seriously in view of our own lack of reticence in dropping the bomb when the war was on the very verge of being won without it.

Why, then, did we drop it? Or, assuming that the use of the bomb was justified, why did we not demonstrate its power in a test under the auspices of the UN, on the basis of which an ultimatum would be issued to Japan —transferring the burden of responsibility to the Japanese themselves?

In speculating upon possible answers to these questions, some facts available since the bombing may be helpful. We now know, for example, that Russia was scheduled to come into the war against Japan by August 8, 1945. Russia had agreed at Yalta to join the fight against Japan ninety days after V-E day. Going after the knockout punch, we bombed Hiroshima on August 5, Nagasaki on August 7. Russia came into the war on August 8, as specified. Japan asked for surrender terms the same day.

Can it be that we were more anxious to prevent Russia from establishing a claim for full participation in the occupation against Japan than we were to think through the implications of unleashing atomic warfare? Whatever the answer, one thing seems likely: There was not enough time between July 16, when we knew at New Mexico that the bomb would work, and August 8, the Russian deadline date, for us to have set up the very complicated machinery of a test atomic bombing involving time-consuming problems of area preparations; invitations and arrangements



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Practitioners in the "art of joint thinking": Members of the Board of Consultants who prepared the Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy for the State Department. From left to right: David E. Lilienthal, chairman, Chester I. Barnard, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Dr. Charles A. Thomas, and Harry A. Winne.

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for observers (the probability being that the transportation to the South Pacific would in itself exceed the time limit); issuance of an ultimatum and the conditions of fulfillment, even if a reply limit was set at only forty-eight hours or less—just to mention a few.

No; any test would have been impossible if the purpose was to knock Japan out before Russia came in—or at least before Russia could make anything other than a token of participation prior to a Japanese collapse.

It may be argued that this decision was justified, that it was a legitimate exercise of power politics in a rough-and-tumble world, that we thereby avoided a struggle for authority in Japan similar to what we have experienced in Germany and Italy, that unless we came out of the war with a decisive balance of power over Russia, we would be in no position to checkmate Russian expansion.

There is a dangerous plausibility here—a plausibility as inseparable from the war system of sovereign nations as armaments are from armaments races. It is the plausibility of power politics, of action leading to reaction, reaction leading to counter-reaction, and counter-reaction leading to war; of competitive systems of security rather than of workable world organization. It is a plausibility that rests on the flat assumption that war with Russia is inevitable, and that we should fight it at a time and under terms advantageous to us.

Such "plausibilities" are rejected by those who feel that the big job is to avert the next war, rather than to win it—even assuming that the next war will be worth winning, a somewhat dubious proposition. And they see no way to avert the next war other than through a world organization having the power to back up its decisions by law and relying upon preponderant force as needed. Such an organization would attempt to dispose of the fear-begetting-fear, provocation-begetting-provocation cycle; and to substitute in its place a central authority from which no member could withdraw or secede under any circumstances. It would automatically deprive potential aggressors of their traditional excuse for aggression—namely, their own encirclement and insecurity—and be strong enough to deal with them should a real threat arise.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that at the start not all nations would be willing to join such an authority, but so long as the overwhelming majority is willing to establish it, it will only be a matter of time before the others will find it impossible to remain outside. But assuming that any nation continues to stand aloof, the question for the rest of the world is whether that nation represents more of a threat outside a system of world law than it does inside world anarchy.

Meanwhile, no such world law exists, and the United States, which is in the best position—perhaps it is an obligatory position—to make the initial proposals looking toward the development of the United Nations into an authority with responsible and adequate power—the United States is making no such proposals and seems content to see the UN—born so auspiciously and with such high hope—grow weaker day by day for want of nourishing authority to deal with the very questions that give it its only reason for being. True, David had only a slingshot, but the UN lacks even that in a world of pushbutton atomic warfare. There are no world police, no world law, no world agencies whose decisions are binding, no authority over the international instruments of death.

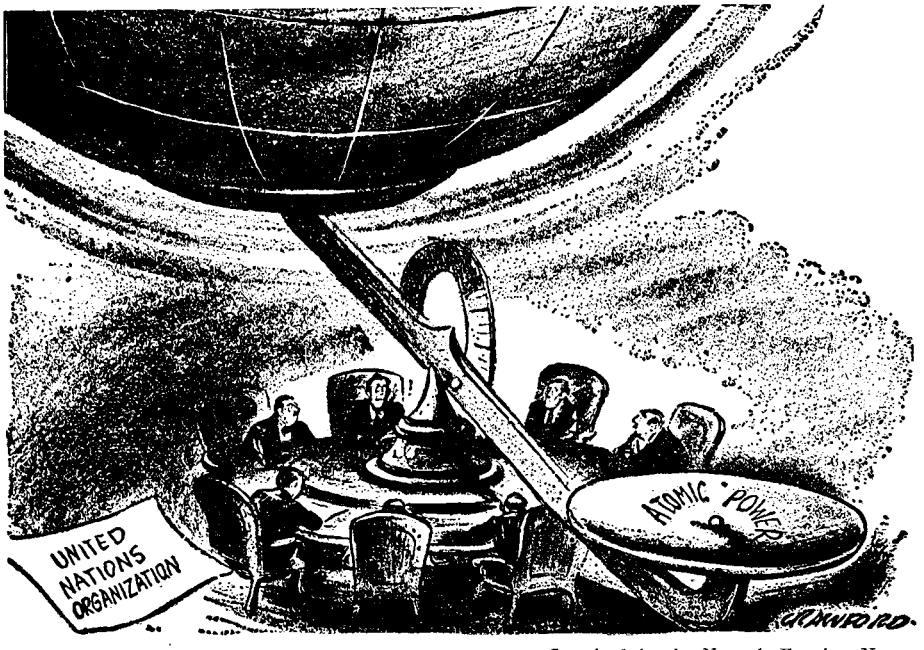
THIS is the general background against which the Acheson-Lilienthal "Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy" must be viewed, for the problem of atomic energy is synonomous with the problem of world peace. It is therefore significant that the Report is even more concerned with world policy than with American policy; its recommendations would have to be effective on a world scale if they are to be effective at all.

Let us say forthwith that this Report offers real encouragement in an otherwise discouraging picture. More than that: it is a refreshing display of sanity at a time when the products of cerebral activity in high station seem severely rationed. The commercial publishers are to be commended for making it available for general distribution at low cost.

In its statement of the problem, in its definition of the issues, in its suggestions for a *starting point* in attacking the problem, it offers solid ground for high-level public and government discussion. We could go further, and say that it is a state paper of truly historic proportions, but that would not be quite true. For this Report is not a state paper in the strict sense of the term. It does not state an official position; it is the report of a group of consultants engaged to advise a State Department Committee on Atomic Energy, which was originally appointed by the Secretary of State, who, for his part, was asked to do so by the President.

All this may sound as involved as the relationships in Gilbert and Sullivan; and some explanation may be in order. Last December, in Moscow, the Foreign Secretaries of the Big Three signed a resolution declaring their intention to sponsor, under the UN, an Atomic Energy Commission. Such a commission was later authorized by the UN Assembly, and countries were invited to send representatives who would form such a commission. Bernard M. Baruch was appointed American representative by President Truman.

Meanwhile, the State Department, looking to the formulation of American policy on atomic energy which would be turned over to the American representative, created a Committee



—*Crawford in the* Newark Evening News.

First Order of Business.

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on Atomic Energy consisting of Dean Acheson, Under-Secretary of State, chairman; Vannevar Bush, consultant to the Manhattan District; James B. Conant, president of Harvard University; Major General Leslie R. Groves, head of the Manhattan District Project; and John J. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War.

AT the first meeting of this committee, on January 23, 1946, it was decided to appoint a Board of Consultants which would analyze and appraise all the relevant facts and which would submit proposals. One week later, this Board was completed. It consisted of:

David E. Lilienthal, of the Tennessee Valley Authority, as Chairman.

Chester I. Barnard, President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company.

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, of the California Institute of Technology and the University of California.

Dr. Charles Allen Thomas, Vice-President and Technical Director, Monsanto Chemical Company.

Harry A. Winne, Vice-President in Charge of Engineering Policy, General Electric Company.

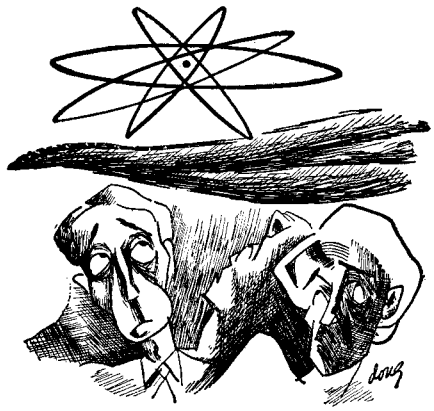
The Board of Consultants met almost daily from the date of its appointment to the date of the report's release almost two months later. It was a diverse group of men, whether in terms of professional background or personality. Two members of the group were businessmen; one was a physicist, one a chemist, one a government administrator. One trait, however, they all had in common: They were strongly individualistic and not generally addicted to the usual type of committee work or overly fond of committee techniques.

If it is asked how such a group managed to get together on any report requiring strength, the answer may be that their very individuality and their abhorrence of the traditional committee ineptitude made them determine at the start to bypass all the old committee devices resulting in compromise rather than in a direct, bold approach to a problem. This is no inference on our part; it is based on several conversations with one of the consultants.

"At the very first meeting," he said, "the group agreed the subject was too important to be subjected to the hazards of the push-and-pull of the committee approach. And so, even before we studied the problem of atomic energy, we studied committee techniques—what the reasons were which made the committee system fail so often or come up so frequently with sterile compromises. It was a fascinating discussion we had that day—on semantics, dialectics, the art of persuasion, collaborative effort.

"It seemed to be fairly well agreed that most committees break down because many members come to their job with fully formed conclusions, having almost property rights in their own ideas, and spend all their time proposing and exhorting rather than listening and considering. It was inevitable that the old system would make for a clash of personalities even more than for a clash of ideas.

"Our first joint decision, then, was to liberate all our discussions from idea-possessiveness. No point would be argued down; we agreed that we would attack the problem inductively, working from the ground up, assembling all facts pertinent to the problem as a basis for conclusions, implied or implicit. We agreed that all questions coming up were to be considered as being brought up by the group as a whole rather than by any single member. If a member had an objection to any one point, it was to be regarded as something that troubled the group as a whole.



"We agreed, too, that we were not going to issue a watered-down report just for the sake of coming out with a report. We were not going to get into the usual type of barter system, trading off one pet idea against another, getting into committee 'deals' just for the sake of carrying off individual honors. We agreed that we would issue five reports if any of us felt that the group report lacked directness and honesty.

"You might call this a sort of search for individual and group objectivity. At the least, it meant that each of us was pledged to attempt to emancipate himself from the tryanny of his own ego. We were trying to create a collective wisdom.

"At first, it was hard to do this. Every now and then the discussions would break down just because one of us found it difficult to get used to the science of joint thinking and would lapse into the role of prosecutor or defendant. But little by little, the preconceived ideas dropped out; the clash of conflicting personalities became less and less apparent.

"We virtually lived together during the entire two months. When a point came up that could only be settled by first-hand observation at one of the atomic centers or at one of the laboratories—wherever it was—the entire group would bundle itself up and make the trip forthwith. Some of our best discussions, in fact, were on long plane trips. We found the air a particularly appropriate place to discuss problems that were literally out of this world."

It may seem that there is nothing very remarkable about all this and that such an approach should be taken for granted. Yet anyone familiar with the workings of the average government committee, with its sporadic meetings and erratic attendance; its half-formed ideas and incomplete discussions; the intrusion of personalities and personal considerations; and, finally, the habit of turning over all the undigested material to a secretary or counsel, who prepares for the chairman's signature a report which seems primarily designed to avoid offending any of the members of the committee; anyone who has been through this will appreciate how really remarkable and worthy of emulation were the Lilienthal committee's techniques.

At the very least, these techniques were responsible for a report representing a piece of public service of the first order. Bear in mind that the Report was offered not as a formal statement of suggested policy but as a basis for public discussion and consideration. The consultants emphasize in an introduction that the Report is offered "not as a final plan, but as a place to begin, a foundation on which to build. Many questions that at later stages should and must be asked we have not touched upon at all."

THIS point is worth stressing in view of the criticism that there were large gaps in the plan or that not all the relevant factors have been taken into account. The Report does not solve all the world problems created by the application of atomic energy—not by a long shot; but it does provide a valuable focus for public and private discussion; it does demonstrate that the problem has not only a negative but an affirmative side; it does concern itself with the positive uses to which atomic energy may be put.

On one count alone—its statement of the problem—the Report deserves to be read by every literate American. It begins by describing what

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Graduate of a Harsh School

THE EDUCATION OF A CORRESPONDENT. By Herbert L. Matthews. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 550 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY CHRISTMAN

IT is not accident, although Herbert L. Matthews has been covering wars for *The New York Times* for the past ten years, that readers of the *Times* identify him as the man who reported the Spanish Civil War. Along with the millions of the citizens as distinct from the "statesmen" of the world, Mr. Matthews came of age during the Spanish War. And if he is inclined in retrospect to underestimate the parallel development of other liberals, then put it down to the intensity of his own experience, the radical shifts in his own point of view which he attributes perhaps too largely to his on-the-scene advantage rather than to the imperative issues of the struggle, and to the defensive position he feels driven to assume.

Mr. Matthews's dispatches from Spain are remembered after seven years because he was reporting not only the fact of the battle and the bomb but the fact of the spirit—the will to freedom that kept the Loyalists fighting for more than a year after the statesmen of the world had formally written off the Spanish Republican cause as lost. That was not chance.

It does appear to be the sheer chance of assignment, however, that put Mr. Matthews on the broad road to a militant liberalism rather than on the narrow path of cynical reaction. Indeed, this roll of the dice of fortune, this itinerary of chance, is profoundly disturbing to Mr. Matthews himself—he can see how easily he might have taken the other road, and wonders where assignment to Franco's headquarters might have led him.

Not many men would admit this. It is Mr. Matthews's devastating candor in his self-analysis plus his thoughtful analysis of the challenge that confronts the liberal that gives "The Education of a Correspondent" vital significance.

Mr. Matthews never wanted to be a newspaperman. It was the scholar's life that attracted him. When he finished college and answered a publisher's blind ad for a secretary, he thought he was going to get his foot in the door of the book business and spend the rest of his life mounting the spiral of an ivory tower. The publisher, to his dismay, was *The New York Times*. It was the romantic's dream of adventure and glamor in war that impelled him to accept a fluke assignment to leave the cable desk, where he had landed by 1935, and go to Ethiopia to report the Italian conquest.

Mr. Matthews chooses to describe himself, as of this time, as a cynic. He sympathized with the Italian campaign for two reasons: because they were winning and because they were prepared to bear the white man's burden for the dirty, dark-skinned, ignorant, oppressed subjects of the Negus. It was as simple as that, the way Mr. Matthews tells it. But the fact seems to be that the controlling factor was not any real cynicism on the part of Mr. Matthews himself but the cynicism of the statesmen who encouraged the aggression while paying lip-service to democracy.

Up to the time he went to Ethiopia Mr. Matthews had never given a thought to politics. Presumably he had swallowed whole the text-book account of democratic virtue:

> It never would have occurred to me to disagree with the moral condemnation passed by most of the world upon Italy, because it was based upon universally accepted principles of what is right and wrong from an abstractly ethical point of view, but I chose at that time to deny the validity of the moral issues involved, on the basis that everyone directly concerned was doing the same thing. If you start from the premise that a lot of rascals are having a fight, it is not unnatural to want to see the victory of the rascal you like, and I liked the Italians during that scrimmage more than I did the British or the Abyssinians.

—Drawing by Luis Quintanilla, from "Franco's Black Spain."

Spain—a vast concentration camp.

Mr. Matthews is not comfortable about himself in this period, but he says with reason that his mistake was only in failing to realize that Mussolini intended Fascism as "an article for export." He had not reached the premise that Fascism was an evil and was willing to let the Italians enjoy it if they liked it as long as they didn't try to foist it on the United States.

The important thing is that Mr. Matthews learned—and is willing to admit he was wrong. What he really turns out to be is a hard-headed and realistic romantic and idealist. And to the extent that it is impossible to resolve those extremes into a single direction of force, he remains, as the gentlemen to the left would put it, "confused." All liberals share the dilemma, and we can only hope there is time to indulge ourselves.

For Mr. Matthews, Spain suddenly and violently put the puzzle together. Here his ivory tower was destroyed, and even after seven years, so great was the force of his sudden conviction of the righteousness of this cause, that he is able to recreate those terrible and heroic days in all their passion and conviction:

> Spain was the melting pot in which the dross came out and pure gold remained. It made men ready to die gladly and proudly. It gave meaning to life; it gave courage and faith to humanity; it taught us what internationalism means . . . There one learned that men could be brothers, that nations and frontiers, religion and races, were but the outer trappings and that nothing counted, nothing was worth fighting for, but the ideals of liberty.

It was in Spain that Mr. Matthews learned the real meaning of Fascism. "There in Spain," he says, "a door was opened wide to Italian Fascism and German Nazism. All Europe, and also we in the United States, were to suffer the consequences."

Mr. Matthews put this conviction into his dispatches to the *Times*—the conviction that Spain was a dress rehearsal for a world war—but the truth was unpleasant and neither the *Times* nor all of its readers chose to face the fact. He speaks frankly—far more frankly than he did in his dispatches at the time, of "the American Catholic lobby in Washington" that overcame the wishes of the majority, prevented the lifting of the embargo on arms, and did so much to insure the defeat of the Loyalist forces.

Back in Italy, then to India, and back again to join the American forces pushing up through Italy, fol-

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lowing the slow, brutal fight from mountain to mountain, Mr. Matthews continued to learn, always shaping more and more exactly in the light of events as he saw them the philosophy that has become his conviction.

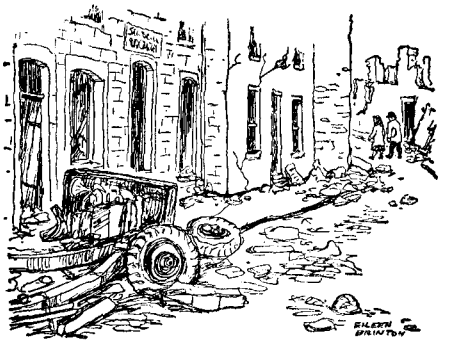
What have ten years of eye-witness experience with the many manifestations of Fascism taught Mr. Matthews? He has shifted inevitably from a liking for Fascism as Mussolini first expounded it to a hatred of Fascism as its bases and its lines of advance became clear, to a hatred of totalitarianism wherever it may evidence itself. And yet, specifically with respect to Soviet Russia, he holds to the laissez faire of liberalism:

> The liberal problem in a nation is what to do when faced with a threat from anti-liberal elements which use constitutional and liberal forms to destroy freedom, and, externally, what to do when faced with an anti-liberal (in this case a totalitarian power) which uses the formulae of international liberalism and requires you to act on them while its own actions are those of a ruthless struggle to impose on others its special nationalistic and political aims. . . . The answer, simply and brutally put, is that liberals are as entitled to use force to fight for liberty as their opponents are to destroy them.

Put to a choice between Fascism and Communism, Mr. Matthews says flatly, "Give me Communism," but he denies the inevitability of the choice and bitterly criticizes Pope Pius XII for condemning Communism while he remained silent about Fascism, which "threatened to be an even greater anti-Christian force than Communism."

Mr. Matthews warns that we have so far destroyed only the trappings of Fascism, that Fascism is not dead, that the doctrines of violence, racism, all-powerful state, authority and regimentation, discipline and militarism, nationalism and imperialism were not conjured out of thin air but must be uprooted from their deep bedding in European thought. We fought and defeated the Fascist countries, but

> ideologies are so much harder to kill than men and institutions. There is going to be an invisible gate-crasher at the peace tables, a sort of ghost, the Spirit of Fascism. It will live to plague us all and make a mockery of those complacent gentlemen who will think it dead because its leaders and governments and titles have been swept away. . . . Fascism was not and is not an Italian or a German or a Japanese phenomenon. It is world-wide; it has many decades of development behind it; it has trained a whole generation of our contemporaries in a number of countries; it has millions of unwitting expon-



> ents in democratic nations. . . . The real enemy of the twentieth century . . . is the whole evil of complex thoughts, feelings, beliefs, desires, and aims which give rise to Fascism and which will persist until their defeat in the minds and emotions of all men.

Hitler and Mussolini were the enemies of mankind in life "and so they are and will be in death. We have only begun to fight them."

Mr. Matthews prescribes no aggressive course for the liberal, except the course of aggressive resistance, but we are not entitled to expect formulas from a newspaperman, and it is as a newspaperman that he writes. He is a man who sees, who has learned, who has been bitterly assailed for the unsound reasons that when he wrote the facts as he saw them they happened to coincide with or depart from the wishful thoughts of his readers at the moment. The fact that he happened to find himself where he could watch every manifestation of the advance of Fascism gives his work importance, and he teaches lessons of measurement and judgment and humanity from which we can learn only if we are smart enough.

"The Education of a Correspondent" is one of the most honest, satisfying, and vital books to come out of the war. The reason is threefold: (1) it is a vivid, realistic account of the military campaigns in Africa, Spain, Italy, and Southern France, plus a long critical discussion of the Indian problem and its relation to war and peace; (2) it is autobiographical in the sense that the author, with devastating honesty, shows step-by-step how ten years of war on Fascism shaped his thinking and feelings; (3) it is far more than good journalism, it is history in the truest sense. Mr. Matthews knows the meaning of synthesis — that rare thing among journalists, that quality which gives eye-witness accounts perspective and meaning beyond the immediate physical fact. It is difficult to see how Mr. Matthews's book can escape being one of the most discussed books of the year. Many will not like it. It is hard to see how the Catholic Church can—or the Communists.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE HEART IN POETRY

Each of the following familiar quotations mentions the heart. Can you name the poets who wrote them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 35.

1. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
2. The mind has a thousand eyes, and the heart but one.
3. She had a heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad.
4. My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
5. Give, oh give me back my heart.
6. She is the darling of my heart.
7. A spring of love gushed from my heart, and I blessed them unaware.
8. Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
9. A kind and gentle heart he had, to comfort friends and foes: the naked every day he clad—when he put on his clothes.
10. Give crowns and pounds and guineas but not your heart away.
11. My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense.
12. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate.
13. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, the only throb she gives is when some heart indignant breaks to show that still she lives.
14. These were days when my heart was volcanic as the scoriac rivers that roll . . . their sulphurous currents down Yaanek.
15. My cheek is cold and white, alas! My heart beats loud and fast.
16. My heart with rapture thrills.
17. "Fool!" said my muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."
18. I prithee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine.
19. My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure.
20. My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky.

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An Economic Guide to Destruction

DEMOCRATIC CAPITALISM. By David W. Raudenbush. New York: The John Day Company. 1946. 338 pp. $3.50.

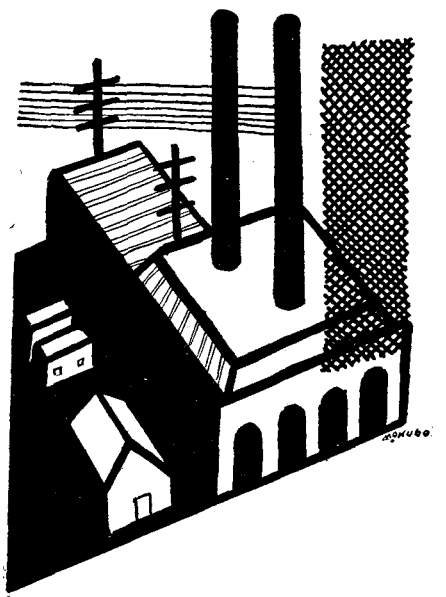
Reviewed by JEROME FRANK

IN a sense, this is a bargain—two books in one. The first is an elaboration of that misguided adaptation of Veblen, Burnham's "Managerial Revolution," which Raudenbush acclaims as an all but infallible prediction-guide to the future (although he admits that Burnham went sadly astray in that work, published early in 1941, when he prophesied that the British Labor Party would never attain office and that Russia would not figure in World War II except possibly as a victim of German aggression). Our author purports to trace, in a manner he calls "wholly scientific," the development of "capitalism" and its transformation into "managerialism" (totalitarianism), from which he hopes to save us. But this history, said by Raudenbush to be "devoid of wishfulness," like most "scientific" histories, drips with motivated interpretations.

It depicts "capitalism" as an organism with a predestined life of some 450 years, which began in 1500 and will shortly expire—unless America promptly adopts Raudenbush's detailed program for a "capitalist reformation." Capitalism, he writes, has had three stages. The initial stage, "mercantilism," although it lasted for three hundred of the 450 years (1500-1800), was but a "period of transition." Then, we learn, the American and French revolutions ushered in the second stage, called "industrial capitalism." But his own label, "industrial," he warns, is misleading; for, he maintains, this capitalist stage had a merely accidental connection with the industrialism which then occurred. The essential feature of this stage was the successful "revolt of the capitalists" against royal control, through the "triumph of the laissez-faire theory of unrestricted private initiative expressing itself in the free market."

Yet, so he says, experience soon taught the lesson that there can be no such thing as "unlimited private initiative or an absolutely free market"; social legislation and labor unions came to be regarded as necessities. Then, he says, ensued a phase of "matured" (rationally competitive) industrial capitalism, beginning in 1850 in England, and about 1870 in this country. But soon (apparently about 1893) there arose, as a result of economic depressions, the "capitalists' revolt against competition"—the era of trusts, cartels, and other insulations against competitive strife, aided by protective tariffs.

The third stage, apparently commencing about 1900, is "finance capitalism," in which, according to Raudenbush, "managerialism" emerged in the economic area. This meant, says Raudenbush, the decline of capitalism, with the "inevitable" breakdown in the 1930's and, as a result, "political managerialism," under the New Deal. And "political managerialism," he asserts, is at bottom the same anti-



democratic evil, whether it be called the "New Deal," or "communism," or "socialism," or "fascism," or "totalitarianism." To be sure, in the United States there has been as yet "no abridgment of civil liberties, no suspension of free elections"; but without doubt (so Raudenbush dogmatizes) such political changes are bound soon to follow if New Dealism is not immediately eradicated. And if it be suggested that in America there has been "no commingling of the economic and political apparatus" such as has occurred in the foreign totalitarian states, his answer is that it has begun in the establishment under Roosevelt of "the various alphabetical boards and commissions."

Raudenbush, in this historical survey, tailors his "facts" to fit his thesis. He ignores Walton Hamilton's writings which show how "mercantilist" were the American Founding Fathers, how little did men like Alexander Hamilton believe in laissez-faire. He completely disregards Dicey's classic work on the development of "collectivism" in mid-nineteenth-century England, and Helen Lynd's treatise on collectivist trends in England in the 1880's. He pays no heed to recent disclosures of the manner in which, during a considerable part of the nineteenth century, the London bankers "managed" much of the economy and politics of the world. But Raudenbush is sufficiently sophisticated not to deform the facts too crudely.* As a consequence, despite his major efforts to picture a sharp differentiation between "capitalism" and "managerialism," his own narrative compels this judgment: His program for a "democratic capitalism" is a stream-lined revival of a short-lived phase of "capitalism" — his "matured" competitive industrial capitalism—which, according to his own story, existed in the United States for but some twenty-three years (1870-1893). Thus his thesis, carefully analyzed, amounts to an assertion that we can rescue democracy from death at the hands of totalitarianism only by recapturing the essential spirit of a phase of "capitalism" which covered a little less than five per cent of "capitalism's" life-span—about two brief decades out of a total of four and a half centuries.

This induces a strong suspicion that his favorite dichotomy — between "capitalism" and "managerialism"— is artificial, that in repeatedly stressing it he employs an unrealistic either-or antithesis of the kind which he repeatedly imputes to others with whom he disagrees. This suspicion becomes confirmed when one turns to his surprisingly New Dealish program. For it adopts item after item of the "managerial" devices sponsored by the New Deal, which he had previously decried as dangerously anti-democratic and incipiently totalitarian. It includes, among others, the "alphabetical boards and commissions," the S.E.C., the F.H.A., the F.D.I.C., Social Security, the R.F.C. (to meet a "sit-down strike by private capital"), together with a minimum wage law, "incentive taxation," an undistributed profits tax, higher taxes on unearned than on earned incomes, acquisition of submarginal lands, crop subsidies, conservation, government aid in improving health, and a drastic extension of the "death sentence" clause to break up all holding companies in all industries. Under his program, he says, there may be plants owned and operated by the government, others owned governmentally but privately operated; numerous laboratories should be developed by the govern-

*One howler is his suggestion that "industrial capitalism," which began, he says, about 1800, "was signalized" by the granting in the early nineteenth century of corporate charters "freely applied for under general laws."

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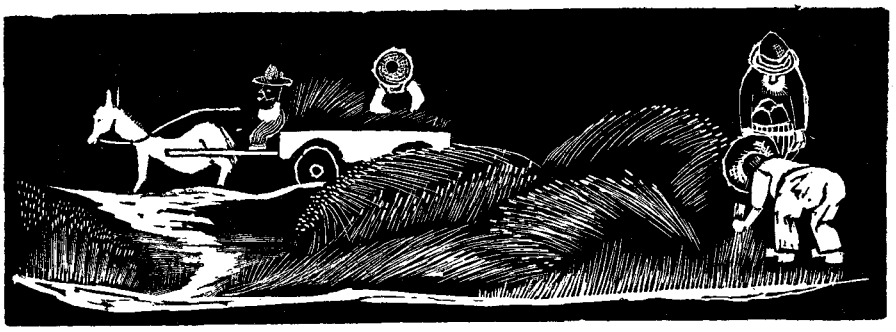
ment; in many areas of the economy there should be "coöperation of government and private capital"; "the role of government is the dual one of guarantor and disciplinarian"; "how much and what kind of regulating need actually be done will depend, of course, upon the special circumstances of each critical situation." In the interval before his program is in full swing, the government "should not hesitate to use, to the fullest extent necessary, all New Deal and special wartime managerial controls"; if needed, there should be public works, deficit financing, and "every other measure that could bolster consumer-demand." Space does not permit a description of his full-fledged program. In brief, it aims to revitalize competition by destroying "finance capitalism"; it involves ultimate employee-ownership of corporations, and a division of annual corporation profits, one-third to employees, one-third to customers, and one-third to stockholders.

And now we come to the second book contained in this volume. Raudenbush says that only a "near miracle" will bring about American acceptance of his program, for he recognizes that it will encounter fierce opposition as it aims to wipe out the "finance capitalists," to whom he refers as our "ruling class." So recognizing, and also believing that, unless this program is soon adopted, American capitalism and democracy will vanish never to be reborn, he confesses to a deep pessimism. He sees but a slight chance that America will adopt his domestic plan, and a still slighter chance that it will be put into practical effect earlier than 1952. Moreover, he deplores, even if it were in effect by that date, it would be insufficient. For "democratic capitalism" in the United States of America must fail, he writes, unless in the very near future, the bulk of the world, except Russia, likewise embraces it and promptly joins us in resisting Russia, the great "managerial state," which is "encircling" the world with alarming rapidity. Haste in our domestic reform thus becomes imperative, he declares: "Socialism," which — no matter how democratic its avowals—he regards as managerial enslavement (totalitarianism), has taken hold in England and is spreading elsewhere; and he thinks we cannot expect that socialist ("managerial") countries will turn to his "democratic capitalism" until it has been in successful operation here. But the success of such a domestic American operation, he apprehends, cannot be demonstrated for several years after 1952, and by that time Russia's grip on the world will be too strong to



overcome. Wherefore, he laments, there is virtually no likelihood of a democratic - capitalistic (anti-managerial) alliance to stop Russia.

One way or another, then, his conclusion would seem clearly to be this: Capitalism and democracy cannot win the race with managerialism; either in the Russian or some other form—and remember that the difference, on the basis of his thesis, is unimportant —we and the rest of the world are in for it. In other words, because his program of salvation was published "too late to serve a useful purpose," the "managerial revolution"—which spells the disappearance of democracy—is almost surely unavoidable. One would suppose that, with such an attitude, he would urge—what? That, since (according to him) the salvaging of democracy (requiring as it does a "near miracle") is all but hopeless and its demise cannot, consequently, be arrested by a defeat of Russia in war, we should at least devote our energies to salvaging the physical survival of the human race, preserving it from that complete elimination which an atomic war renders certain, and that accordingly we should seek, by coöperation with other countries, including Russia, to work out some sort of sane international order.

But Raudenbush's purpose in writing this book was not really to save democracy; of that he has virtually no expectation. Nor was it to preserve humanity. In his last chapters he gives the show away. Regardless of the effects on democracy or humanity, he wants us immediately to form an anti-Russian military alliance with what, on his view, are irremediably socialist-managerial countries, and to prepare at once to begin World War III. All his discussion of economics and history constitutes but an elaborate and superfluous preface to a program for the extinction of Russia now. It does not matter to him whether such an enterprise is compatible with democracy or human survival. Hatred of Russia is this man's consuming passion. For him, the satisfaction of that hatred is worth any price. With "manic fervor" (to use the phrase with which he describes Russia) he is inciting a new world war.

There are many whom such sadism nauseates. They believe we can save democracy in America under a modified and wholesome capitalism. Although, like the New York *Herald Tribune,* ardently opposed to American Communism and by no means Russophile, they agree that American democracy can survive in a world containing a Communist Russia and approve these comments made by that

North by East

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

ABOVE the river and its poisoned shore,
Mured in her mansion with a dozen cats,
A lady dwells whom youth will not restore:
She pins frustration to outmoded hats.
Sealed in the musty temple of her room,
She moves with dignity across its floors;
No noise intrudes to warn her of her doom:
Death is the vulgar tumult, heard outdoors.
The river hurries garbage to the sea.
Her factory windows catch the falling light.
The streets are darkened with humanity,
Glad for the evening whistle, and the night.
But she must sift existence all alone;
This faded heiress of the loud machines
Hears the grim waters lapping at a stone.
Time will inform her what this hunger means.

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newspaper at times in recent weeks:

> We shall have to get down to the basic business of constructing a working relationship between the two great systems—Russian and Western—which are fixed facts in the world. . . .
>
> Obviously, two great power centers have emerged from the war—the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. They are about as remote from each other as they could be on the surface of a spherical earth. There is no important economic clash between them. Each is quite sincerely devoted to the basic aims of peace, order and the progressive improvement of the popular welfare. . . . If the Russians seem convinced that every time we stand out stiffly for "democratic" solutions in distant and patently very undemocratic countries we are plotting a "Fascist" conspiracy against Russia, we on the other hand are more and more convinced that every time Russia tries to impose her kind of sense on areas which she commands she is plotting the Communist overthrow of our system and an ultimate Communist mastery of the world. This may be the case; just as there may be more aggressive and vindictive forces within ourselves than most of us are aware of. If either is true, then we can only sit down and await the final catastrophe. But is either true?

Hamilton in Action

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Nathan Schachner. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1946. 488 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE

THE quickest way to describe this biography is to say that it is a fresh narrative, well supported by primary sources, and distinctly objective in character. It is not an interpretation but a story. It moves along briskly in a way which Hamilton himself would have approved of; and, like him, it does not pause for philosophical speculation.

The author is not a professor, but he has consulted manuscripts in the approved professional manner. He does not claim to have exhausted them (that would be an unwise claim for anyone to make), but he has corrected printed letters by comparison with the originals, and he has had other successes such as historical sleuths delight in. To give one example, he located in the Hamilton papers an important letter from James Madison (speaking of the Constitution as a permanent compact), the very existence of which has been doubted by eminent authority. He has not explored the literary remains of Hamilton's opponents to the same degree as those of his central character, and partly for this reason he misses certain nuances, just as the Secretary of the Treasury did. Occasionally, in the absence of better records, he has relied on works of dubious value. He does not often refer to secondary works, and apparently he has not read some rather important ones bearing on the times. So far as Hamilton is concerned, however, the documentation is ample.

This is not a partisan work, either pro or con, and one cannot be sure from reading it just how Mr. Schachner would have cast his vote in the 1790's. Presumably he would have been an independent, and when he accepted the leadership of the most brilliant of the Federalists he would have done so with reservations.

The net result of his labors is a very readable book which comprises the best available account of Hamilton's activities—from the time that he appeared in the British West Indies to the moment that he faced Aaron Burr at Weehawken. The various controversies in which he engaged are well treated, considering the limitations of space. Needless to say, some of them can be discussed endlessly. Despite his nonpartisan spirit, however, the author scants the opposition. Confining himself largely to specific contests, he does not show the inner springs of power which nourished the Democratic-Republican group; and he does not regard the larger orientation of the historical struggle as falling within his purpose. He concentrates on what Hamilton was and did. He appears neither as prosecutor nor defender, and he does not finally sum up the evidence as a judge. As a result the book ends abruptly on a note which is tragic without being quite heroic, for on Hamilton's side the Burr affair was marred by initial relentlessness and subsequent mismanagement. The circumstances and the aftermath were deeply distressing, for the master of finance left an impoverished family, but they fall short of the cosmic.

Much of the greater part of this narrative of a conspicuous life, of course, is not new, but the entire treatment is fresh. The impression which it will make will undoubtedly vary with its readers—and with their predilections. Ardent Hamiltonians may regard this realistic account as iconoclastic, while the larger and possibly less prosperous band of extreme Jeffersonians may think that it damns their own hero with faint praise. The erudite may say that certain minor figures have been characterized too hastily and sometimes unfairly. The really important question, however, is what sort of man and just how great a man does Hamilton appear to be as he emerges from these pages.

"One cannot be sure from reading 'Alexander Hamilton' just how Nathan Schachner would have cast his vote in the 1790's."

The boy who voyaged to New York at the age of fifteen was unusually ambitious; he never changed character and throughout the rest of his meteoric career he was inordinately so. Not inaptly he could be termed an adventurer, though it was not money but power and glory that he craved. He gained nothing personally from his famous financial policy, though he was quite willing that friends and relatives by marriage should do so. Mr. Schachner gives indisputable facts and figures. Hamilton was willing to sacrifice a more lucrative law practice in order to do public service, and his patriotism was ever staunch. It would be difficult if not impossible, however, to separate this from his insatiable thirst for glory. He rarely if ever failed to identify the national interest with his own conception of it, and no other major figure of the era had the same will to rule.

The towering egotism of this slight figure of a man brought him into conflict with George Washington at a ridiculously early age. Mr. Schachner has not overlooked the connection between this aspect of Hamilton's character and later and more political conflicts, but he could have pressed the point much further than he has. If Hamilton was not unscrupulous in the sense that his highest opponents believed, he was ruthless at all stages; and his high sense of personal honor was inseparable from his vanity and sense of personal prestige. When not crossed he could be charming, and he aroused intense devotion

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in some people; in more people, however, he aroused fear.

He was brave to the point of recklessness, despite an unpleasant letter from Jefferson to Madison in which his courage was denied. In labors he was heroic, almost superhuman; in argument he was overwhelming; and unquestionably he was a major architect of national power. We have had abundant reason to be grateful to him in times of crisis, and particularly in war. But he was cynical toward human beings and his intellectual interests were restricted. He is a synonym for vitality, for aggressiveness, and power.

Mr. Schachner is not responsible for all of these comments, and he may not see Hamilton quite like this, though the chances are he does. He has refrained from sweeping generalizations of this sort, contenting himself with telling a story which is interesting and also illuminating in itself.

The Bean Stalk of Pleasantville

LITTLE WONDER: Or, The Reader's Digest and How It Grew. By John Bainbridge. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 177 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

THIS book is written by a young and successful Minnesotan who has moved in to Mt. Vernon, New York, and concerns an older, still more successful Minnesotan who cast anchor at Mt. Kisco. It is not, however, a pure example of regional log-rolling. Indeed, it offers probably the most elaborate clinical job ever done on an American magazine. Its author, one gathers, has long followed with fascination in the wake of DeWitt Wallace and his stout little craft, *The Reader's Digest,* snapping up all the flotsam and jetsam of their voyage to the Happy Isles. Most of this book appeared in installments in *The New Yorker,* lately a seceder from the large family of periodicals which love to be digested. This process of digestion, in Mr. Bainbridge's eyes, has become not merely an act of parasitism amongst the magazines, but increasingly one of maternal cannibalism, with *The Digest* greedily devouring its own offspring after persuading others briefly to suckle them. After two years of pretty exhaustive investigation, Mr. Bainbridge reports that three out of five *Digest* articles now originate in its own offices. Many are first planted here and there in the field of American magazines for future harvest; others appear initially in its own pages. One finds it rather hard to share Mr. Bainbridge's shocked feeling that this trend, developing over the past ten years, is somehow perfidious and sinister, though of course it does some violence to the magazine's original aim and its title. If *The Digest* wishes to set up a workshop for gathering materials and writing articles that other magazines may buy from authors at regular rates, this seems chiefly the business of the parties concerned. The large space here devoted to this subject, along with personal irrelevancies like the décor and the food of the Wallaces' house in Suburbia, give a detached reader the steady impression that this is a grudge book. It is clear that Mr. Bainbridge takes *The Digest* rather more seriously than do most readers, sometimes confuses gossip with research, and ends by being a trifle tedious—through the very lack of a quality that long study of the magazine should have taught him: concision.

The Reader's Digest of course is neither impeccable nor very sophisticated. There is truth in the author's analysis of its keynotes as "optimism, simplism, and dogmatism." Its folksy conservatism, like its inspirational tone, springs from the great American middle class, whose tastes and thoughts have been so deeply conditioned by our evangelical background, small town life, philosophy of the stiff upper lip, praise of the simple life, and satisfaction in the well-upholstered one. It is no coincidence that *The Digest's* founder, and most of its handsomely-paid editorial staff, have come up from Middletown, parsonage boyhoods, and small colleges—even as the foreign mission fields have produced a greater prodigy of publicity in Henry Luce. The humus from which this bean stalk of Pleasantville has grown to such spectacular height—nine and a half million copies a month, in English alone—was enriched by Peter Parley, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Horatio Alger, Mary Baker Eddy, Dwight Moody, Elbert Hubbard, Henry Ford, Dale Carnegie, and Marjorie Hillis.

John Bainbridge's book " . . . as an exposé, strikes one as much ado about nothing."

Its success, in the opinion of this reviewer, owes much to an intuitive skill in filling the vacuum left by the decline of the genial, all-purpose family magazine in America—*Munsey's, McClure's,* and *Everybody's* of a vanished day. Its pocket-size and condensation of books and magazines flatter the average reader (a little more subtly than the announced reading-time of articles in *Liberty)* by assumption that he is a busy fellow. And its freedom from advertising chimes with a fitful American yearning to escape from the bombardment of commercial stimuli, along the line which made the publicity-debunking of *Ballyhoo* a season's wonder in early depression days. In content, its sure-fire formula is not unlike the old publishers' saw concerning dogs, doctors, and Lincoln—particularly smart dogs, doctors who are danger fighters, and a Lincoln who remains our supreme exemplar of self-help.

Mr. Bainbridge rightly remarks some of the paradoxes and biases in the editorial constitution of this famous magazine: its mingling of the larger hope with the slightly sexy; its penchant for the corn-fed Republicanism of Louis Bromfield over the corn-fed liberalism of Henry Wallace, despite certain traditions of the open forum; its innocent crusade against the cigarette ("one cigarette will kill a cat"), and its perennial hero-worship of Henry Ford (appropriately the author of "The Little White Slaver," a great industrialist's counterblast to tobacco).

Too great monopolistic power in any field of publicity carries its potential danger. But in comparison with certain blatant examples—from Hearst to Macfadden—Dewitt Wallace has shown considerable restraint, fair taste, and good intentions, with a not unwholesome effect on American life, and latterly upon several million readers in Latin America, Europe, and Asia. The net effect of Mr. Bainbridge's book, considered as an exposé, strikes one as much ado about nothing. But in its descriptive aspect it performs a useful work, in drawing a *New Yorker* profile of this cosmic djinn which emerged from a paste-pot.

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The Tale Casanova Didn't Tell

THE ROMANCE OF CASANOVA. By Richard Aldington. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 344 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

RICHARD ALDINGTON has read the "Memoirs" of Casanova thoroughly and well, digested their substance, made sure of their flavor, and then used them skilfully for his own purpose; that purpose being the production of a lively, enentertaining novel which combines the best features of the old cloak-and-sword romance with those of the up-to-date tale of espionage and international intrigue. It even combines another and potent ingredient: at least a fraction of the sexual frankness now permitted serious and not-so-serious story-tellers. One wonders what some of the old masters would have done with this freedom. But the chances are they would have done no better than they did.

"The Romance of Casanova" purports to be nothing less than the story its hero did not dare to tell in his "Memoirs"; the true story of Henriette, the one woman he really loved, and by whom he in turn was loved completely and unselfishly. Eager as he was to tell perhaps more than the truth in those famous reminiscences of his, there were grave reasons of state that made the Chevalier de Seingalt hold his tongue when he came to Henriette. Across the history of their love lay the shadow of Venice's Council of Ten, and the even more terrible shadow of the Three, those dread inquisitors from whom there was no appeal, before whom a prisoner appeared without advocates and usually without hope. According to Mr. Aldington's ingenious prologue, it was not until Casanova was an old man, living at Dax under the protection of Count Waldstein; not until thousand-year-old Venice had fallen to General Bonaparte, and the long arm of the Three was a withered arm, that the greatest lover of modern times dared at last to reveal the mystery of his greatest love. There at Dax, facing his ancient rival the Count of Saint Germain, Casanova begins the story he had to garble in his manuscript. And, as he begins, the novelist takes over.

Takes over, and transports us to the Venice of his hero's youth, when Giacomo was living with his patrician friend, Marco Valieri, in the palace of the latter's credulous and indulgent uncle, Senator Bragadin. In those days Giacomo was supposed to wear the demure garb of an *abbate,* for he had chosen the Church as the best career open to a poor and clever young man of no family; but at the time we meet him he is half-naked and running for his life, with a protector of innocence in full cry behind him, and the bullets from a double-barrelled pistol whizzing past his ears. An hour or so later, having eaten and warmed himself in the Casa Bragadin, he is plunged into a new adventure and into the chill waters of the Grand Canal. He emerges as a rescuer, with a beautiful girl unconscious in his arms; and his emotional reflexes are true to the character for which he is famous. But even the girl's name is denied him, for she is under the protection of the Austrian ambassador, who has been pulled from the canal along with his charge, and the suspicious laws of Venice forbid, on penalty of death, even the least social contact between a Venetian patrician and a foreign envoy. So the Baron von Schaumburg is decidedly *persona non grata* in the Casa Bragadin. He and the young lady take their leave as quickly as possible—she borne upon a litter, but conscious now—and vanish into the night. As quickly as possible, but not before a glance has passed between rescued and rescuer. "The look on both sides lasted but a fraction of a minute, long enough to make the other's face unforgettable to each and for the kindling of the spark in both, though no word was spoken."

Casanova is in love again, but now with a difference. He is in love as he has never been before, but he knows neither the name nor the whereabouts of the woman he loves. From this point forward "The Romance of Casanova" may be divided into three parts: pursuit, consummation, consequences. The pursuit begins ardently enough for the hero, but rather languidly for the reader, who is amused but not gripped by what promises to be just another erotic bedtime story, cut according to a currently fashionable pattern. This stage of the narrative is, of course, enlivened by the results of Casanova's inability to pursue any one woman without pausing for whatever other women may lie along the way. The fair Rosaura is at once yielding and demanding; the dark Marietta is innocent and eager; the aristocratic Donna Giulietta is willing and damnably dangerous. In short, they are all women well worth any man's attention. But it is not until Casanova catches up with Henriette disguised as a slim French officer, and, in all innocence, twitches the covers from that same pseudo-officer's bed, that the reader really sits up and takes full notice. After that the interest mounts apace, as comedy gives way to drama and melodrama managed by a hand that at no point becomes heavy.

The consummation is idyllic, the consequences grave; for Giacomo, so worldly and so wise, has pursued Henriette into a world of which he knows nothing: the world of international plot and counter-plot. The price of loving Henriette is heavy: arrest, interrogation by the Three, and solitary confinement for a year and a half in one of Venice's infamous State prisons. This chapter of the "Romance" gives Mr. Aldington a chance to write his own version of Casanova's escape from the Leads, and he rises nobly to the occasion, achieving his effects of frustration, suspense, hope, triumph, and ultimate defeat.

Mr. Aldington draws the portrait of a driven man, at once a cold seducer and a warm romantic, who deceived himself at least as often as he deceived others. It is the portrait of a rascal whom one cannot help but like enormously, envy a little, and pity a good deal. The author would have caught us up in his story more quickly, I think, if he had not chosen to stand outside the tale as observer and commentator, thereby encouraging his readers to stand outside, too. But one should not bend too serious a gaze upon a novel that is meant, perhaps, only to divert. "The Romance of Casanova" is good fun, provided by an intelligent author who knows his period and his settings. It will doubtless prove good fun again, in a decorously modified screen version, in which an actor of suitable physique and agility will enjoy a glorious field day. Why should one ask for more, or for something else? Incidentally, I have often wondered what if any effect it would have had on the great lover's reputation if his name had been James Newhouse instead of Giacomo Casanova.

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So Little Time

DAY OF THE CONQUERORS. By Niven Busch. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

A NUMBER of novels whose action takes place in the space of twenty-four hours have been published since the appearance of "Ulysses," then of "Mrs. Dalloway." "Day of the Conquerors" is another. Its action takes place on V-J Day.

Mark Gregory, war correspondent, flies back from the Pacific war theater to land home in San Francisco. From a downtown hotel he tries immediately to reach his beautiful wife, Corinne, by telephone. He is both impatient and uneasy. He has been away some time, and a letter, then a picture of her in a magazine, have aroused suspicions that he has been unable to dispel.

In the bar from which Mark is telephoning two argumentative combat veterans of the Pacific fighting, a pfc. and a sergeant, are drinking and ogling. They enter into this story of the people and events that impinge on Mark Gregory's life on this day. So does Steve Brogan, the university professor who has been fighting labor's battles for all the years between the wars. So does a millionaire industrialist whose only son was killed fighting on a Navy ship. Splendidly vulgar Mrs. Averill Cahoon and her following of strange women and stranger male refugees become a part of the story, as does the aging Baron Van Ruysman, a delegate from his restored government to the San Francisco sessions over which Roy Larish, the millionaire, presides. There are others whom Mark Gregory meets head-on or tangentially during the tenseness and excitement of the day.

Mark is principally, almost violently, concerned with his own life, his relations with Corinne. He wants to tell her of his desire to refuse a lucrative overseas offer from his syndicate so that he can write the book he feels he must write. He wants to reassure himself, to discover that there is or is not some other man, that the man is or is not his friend Steve Brogan, or better, that he was all wrong, that all is well between him and Corinne.

He discovers before the day is out that none of these alternatives is true. The actuality is in its essence far stranger, far more difficult. He sees it as irremediable. This central story in "Day of the Conquerors," the story of the emotional tenseness between Mark and Corinne and of the disruptive force that has caused

Niven Busch's novel does not "convey the unified impression needed to obtain the credence of the reader."

it, is well and deftly handled. It is told clearly through incident and character, through Mark Gregory's own analysis, with little overt drama but a quiet tracing that gives the story the added power of repression.

The rest of the novel, in its more pretentious aspects, is not successful. There is no virtue in compressing the action of a novel into twenty-four hours unless something valid is thereby accomplished. "Ulysses," using technique novel to its time, telescoped much of total human experience into a Dublin day and a Dublin night. Virginia Woolf in "Mrs. Dalloway" used one ordinary London day to encompass the whole of her genteel heroine's life. "Day of the Conquerors" attempts an even more ambitious task. According to Jules Romains, quoted on the jacket, the novel "shows us the day of victory as lived and experienced in a community, San Francisco in particular, but through San Francisco and California, in the whole of the United States."

It does not seem to. The individuals and types pictured by the author and their actions as he describes them do not seem particularly significant in themselves or representative of all those whose reactions to victory over Japan and the advent of peace would show anything like the national experience. Nor does the novel convey the unified impression needed to obtain the credence of the reader.

The author uses all the recognizable devices of a modified stream of consciousness technique, meditation, and revery. He has a long flashback which gives the commonplace biography of Mark Gregory as the Oyster Bay town boy who wanted to be a writer, managed to attend college, and did become a newspaperman. He enters into the imaginative boy's mind of Lorry, Mark Gregory's son, as Lorry is playing with a friend, and into the consciousness of another character as he commits suicide. He describes Sergeant Brick Pollard's speech and actions with competent objectiveness. He uses a thread of narrative to keep all his various stories connected. But somehow the whole does not crystallize.

If V-J Day had a peculiar quality, as certainly it put a calendar end to a period of recent world history and marked the calendar beginning of another period, that quality does not emerge from this novel. "Day of the Conquerors" has one good story and contains excellent reporting of scenes of celebration and violence in the streets and parks of San Francisco but, though it makes gestures in that direction, it carries no full realization of V-J Day and its possible significances.

New Englander

By David Morton

SUCH reticent intensities,
Such eager, and such warm, and shy,
Quick inward flowerings are his,
That none might guess, in passing by,

How this thin-lipped and wintry mask
Of bare, unblossoming clay could hide
All that the starving gaze could ask
Of spring's immoderate countryside —

But in reverse, where blossoms grow
Inward and secret in their beds,
Downward and hid and hating show,
The flowers all standing on their heads.

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Lanny Budd, Alias Superman

A WORLD TO WIN. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press, Inc. 1946. 624 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

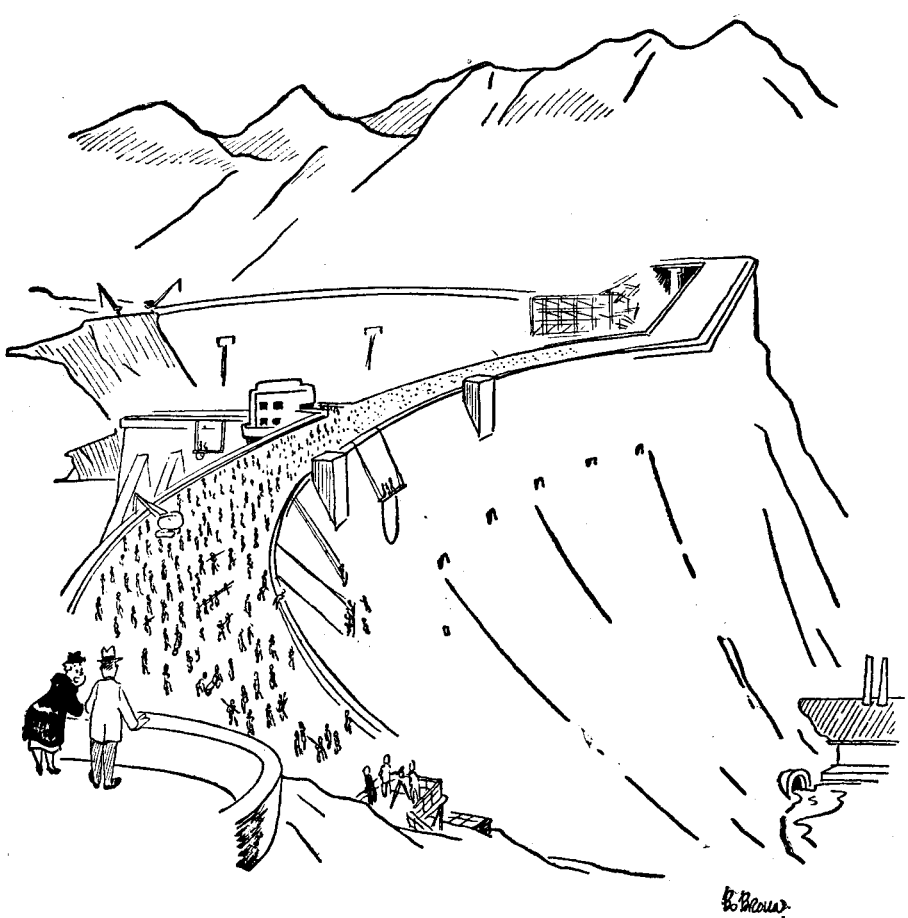
LANNY BUDD is still at it. In the nearest thing we have to date in the way of literary perpetual motion, the indefatigable Upton Sinclair continues to recount the adventures of his fabulous Presidential agent. This chapter, a very long one like its predecessors, covers Lanny's exploits between 1940 and 1942. It opens with an interview with Laval at Vichy and ends with one with Stalin at the Kremlin. In between, the omnipresent Mr. Budd attends practically every major historical event of the period and interviews every personage of importance. It goes without saying that, in this book published since Hiroshima, the atomic bomb inevitably swims into Lanny's ken.

If you have read any of the other "Lanny Budd" novels, you have a pretty good idea of what this one is like. You know then that Mr. Sinclair has been trying to write the epic of our times, that he has been successful to the point of having won the Pulitzer Prize for "Dragon's Teeth," the 1929-1934 volume, and of having received the accolade of George Bernard Shaw and other literary big-wigs. You know, too, that these books have made publishing history by virtue of having been translated into numerous languages and of having reached sales of astronomical proportions. These things unquestionably prove something—readability and critical good will, I suspect. For actually Lanny is becoming a bit of a bore. And the combination of liberal-minded romanticism and cavalcade of the cosmos, which is the basic formula from which the author works, is becoming increasingly tiresome. Lanny lacks the Homeric stature necessary to a character around whom swirl all the currents of world affairs. The suggestion, for example, that from him Roosevelt derived the phrase "arsenal of democracy" is enough to make the reader wince. And the smug righteousness of the fellow makes you long to see him punctured. Actually he is a comic-strip character about as convincing as Superman. Credit him, if you will, with a political and social philosophy above that of most syndicated creatures. But he is still a literary brother to the weird crew who people our newsstands.

But let it be reported that, in this very long book, Lanny's adventures as an anti-Nazi spy who pretends to Nazi sympathies take him through Europe, America, and China. Using his established role of art connoisseur to cover his political activities, he succeeds in interviewing Goering, Hitler, and lesser fry. Thereby he brings to the leaders of the democratic nations that intelligence which makes possible the planning of necessary countermoves.

Whether or not Mr. Sinclair's interpretations of recent events will clarify or becloud the next generation's understanding of history remains to be seen. Certainly anyone who derives his knowledge exclusively from Sinclair's fictional writings is going to have an odd point of view. It was not so long ago that Carlyle's notion that history is merely the shadow of great men fell into disrepute. We were given in its place the theories of historical determinism and mass movements, theories which are now being qualified to some extent. The Upton Sinclair school, for all its liberal sympathies, is definitely out of Carlyle, for it centers almost exclusively on great men and the exercise of their political powers.

There is no doubt that this book will be widely read. The success of the six earlier units in the series proves that. There is no doubt, either, that the same can be said of those which must follow. The news of yesterday is still close enough to be warm and fascinating. The sense of getting inside speculation on such still unexplained phenomena as Hess's flight to England, the piquancy of hobnobbing with Roosevelt at the White House or Hearst at San Simeon appeal to all of us who are seeking to know why the mighty behave as they do. Add a generous dash of adventure and beautiful women and you need not worry too much about standards of literary credibility. The seances and the forebodings of spirits can be skimmed over quickly. You have still got a tale as interesting for its background, characters, and author's philosophy as any you can imagine today. There was a time when yesterday's newspaper was a synonym for the dull and out-of-date. That is not true now. It cannot be for a generation which has learned, the tragic and hard way, that last night's newscast foretells tomorrow's. Upton Sinclair is not the only one who has learned that.



"Many hands make light work, don't they?"

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"Normal" Wartime Life

THE REASONABLE SHORES. By G. B. Stern: New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 287 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

JESSAMY BLAKE fears the worst when her mother's brother, Uncle Lionel, writes a lovely letter, packed with tender whimsy, to tell her that her mother has run away with a painter, and that he is coming to live with Mr. Blake and the children at the pleasant house of Corderoys. Jessamy is one of five children. Her elder sister, Theo, is in India, but her infants are at Corderoys, with their very difficult nanny, so there is quite a household.

The scene and the inevitable conflict are swiftly and surely established in the first two chapters; and with a disarming, unpretentious skill Miss Stern leaves to the last the effective entrance of Mr. Blake, the grim, frustrated father whom no one likes, though they know him to be worthier of their love than the cold, self-centered mother who has deserted him and them. The scene, kept in an exquisitely managed perspective, is, in short, war—it is the unacknowledged backdrop and the wings of the drama: the first war, in which Blake's only wound is a crippling kick by an Army mule, and the second war, from the sound and sight of which he tries to hide himself by studying Marlborough's campaigns. The conflict—the scenes enacted on the apron stage—is between the delightful Jessamy, a child of fifteen when the story opens, and Lionel Courtney.

In its light, impish way, on its smaller scale, Miss Stern's portrait of Uncle Lionel might stand with George Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne. Distinctive and individual as he is—a pure Stern person—it is not the least merit of his richly comic character that he reminds one that Miss Stern is a devout Austenian, or, as the more intimate dare to say, a Janeite. (What Miss Austen has said to Mr. Kipling by now for the impudence of that word, I daren't think.) And Miss Stern reminds one of Miss Austen by her love for the portrayal of family affairs, for depicting the quick relationships of brothers and sisters. Page after page testifies to her delight in that maddening, endearing, familiar give-and-take, and her success in letting the reader in on it.

To Lionel, who has let his Mayfair apartment at a very handsome profit and was wondering where he would go, Mrs. Blake's defection is a godsend. He is a writer of vignettes, Dresden figure pieces, a shameless exhibitionist of others' confidences, one who would use anyone to turn a phrase of saccharine and sentiment. He believes Jessamy adores him, as indeed she did until he affronted her adolescence by making a public show of her, and then craving her admiration for his betrayal.

So he settles into Corderoys, in extreme comfort—for wartime—un-

til the housekeeper-cook hears the bombs in London and insists on going there for war work. After a dreadful experience with two other women, he writes to Jessamy, suggests she leave school—she's now sixteen years old—and take her rightful place at the head of her father's table. And Jessamy, seeing through him, consents. From there the little play moves swiftly on. Jessamy wins some skirmishes, loses others, and is at last, although Uncle Lionel marries and leaves, apparently beaten. Her temporary defeat, however, is not at Lionel's hands. Near Corderoys, where everyone has to walk softly, and watch his words (especially after Harry, the son engaged in farming, runs off to join the Navy), is the house of her friends the Morgans, boisterous, uninhibited, quarrelsome, deeply affectionate, and violently clannish. Jessamy, for whom their house is really home, suffers a bitter disappointment when her friend, a daughter of the house, seems to her unfaithful and deceitful: and that breaks her spirit which Lionel can never touch. The story's end, with its promise of recovery, the rather too arranged episode of the American aviator, is not quite convincing: it is not a solution of the drama, but only another scene on the apron stage which may be shattered in its beauty when the curtain rises again on the distant scene.

The great virtue of "The Reasonable Shore," however, is that it gives us an honest story of family life in England in the war years which, while the war is always there, shows how normal, under so terribly abnormal conditions, life in the country remained. It is true that Uncle Lionel is not normal in his carefully preserved selfishness, nor Mr. Blake, an unwarlike Achilles, sulking in a tent of scholarship: only in their avoidance—at the end Harry's wife brings Mr. Blake out—do they show the war's influence. The others, whether Blakes or Morgans, adult or children, are all living in full awareness of the war: but, not even, or perhaps especially not, for the actual combatants is the war their life. It is a job, unavoidable, a job with boring, exciting, disgusting, glorious moments: it is their job, and must be finished. But those caught up in it, doggedly working at it, are living *from* something other than the war, living *for* something other than the war. It was that determination, as much as anything else, which gave the people of England the obstinate and perdurable conviction that they would not be beaten: and other peoples of Europe who took light from that island torch and shared that conviction will, with the British, be able in time to overcome the dangers of a victorious peace.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 156

L ABGJRC PS DPPX

MFEBPC HFMM RTX

L VPTKRZK EBFVORC KNLT

YBZKFVR, YBXDR PC QFVLC.

C. A.—ZNRCFXLT—XBRTTL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 155

He who dallies is a dastard; he who doubts is damned.

GEORGE McDUFFIE
In the House of Representatives.

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The 1863 Draft Riots in a Novel

THE UNTERRIFIED. By Constance Robertson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 503 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY ESMOND

THIS is a logical successor to Constance Robertson's last novel, "Fire Bell in the Night," the carefully drawn story of the underground railroad movement in upstate New York in the days before the Civil War. In "The Unterrified" she returns again to the Civil War period and finds dramatic material in the bitter struggle between Northerners who supported the war and the unterrified, conservative Northern Democrats who advocated a negotiated peace with the Confederacy. She has recreated the drama of the struggle that resulted in the bloody and destructive anti-draft riots in New York in 1863 with fidelity to historical fact after patient and careful research. As we read this book we are again glad that Mrs. Robertson gravitated to historical fiction; we are glad that she discovered that the past has "the restful faculty of holding still while you look at it." She has done more than look; she has recreated.

"The Unterrified" is the story of the family of ex-Senator and elder statesman Edward King of Troy, whose son Raynard feels it his moral duty to organize against the draft. If the Union Army could not get soldiers, a negotiated peace would result, the North and the South would again embrace each other, and the slavery issue would work itself out in time. Raynard is strongly influenced by his young and beautiful stepmother, Lacey, a native of Kentucky and a Southern sympathizer, and his occasional doubts about the course he is pursuing are easily dispelled by Lacey, first by warmth and charm, then by love. When Raynard realizes that politicians, merchants, and Southern sympathizers, including his stepmother, are using the anti-draft organization to aid a Confederate victory, it is too late to check the monster he has built. Draft riots rock New York for days, armories and other buildings are burned, mutilated bodies of Negroes hang from lamp posts. In the end, Raynard joins the Union Army to pay for his sin.

It is the political background against which this story is drawn that gives the book its special significance. New York State with its long tradition of conservatism remained conservative during the Civil War—in fact, so conservative that it could easily elect a Peace Democrat as governor with such slogans as "No More War," "Down with Niggerism," "Down with Abolition," "Down with the Ape in Washington." Old Democratic friends of Martin Van Buren bitterly complained that the ex-President "had gone off half-cocked, and got mixed up with the Free Soilers and a lot of crazy radicals," and by 1863, his son "Prince" John and other War Democrats were "practically in bed with Lincoln."

New York State farmers, who had helped win the Homestead Act in 1862, and who looked to the West, were an immovable lump, solidly for Lincoln, while the day laborers, factory hands, and recent immigrants hated abolition because they feared the free Negro. Unscrupulous politicians who had their main social and economic connections with the South had little trouble in whipping up opposition to the war and especially the draft. The laborer, ignorant of the impact of events, could not reconcile Lincoln's words—"labor is superior to capital, and deserves much the higher consideration"—with the draft law which allowed the men of capital to get out of service by payment of three hundred dollars.

Constance Robertson "has faithfully recreated the color, drama, and people of the [Civil War] period."

This story of the North divided against itself is intense drama. The background is solid. The long bibliography speaks for the inclusiveness and detail of Mrs. Robertson's research. She has faithfully recreated the color, drama, and people of the period.

All Quiet in Kilkenny

THE QUIET MAN. By Patrick Purcell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

PATRICK PURCELL'S first novel, "Hanrahan's Daughter," was a pleasant Irish story in the time-worn tradition of Maxwell and Carleton. It was redeemed by a beguiling charm, nimble wit, a lightness of touch, the author's keen eye for the vagaries of character, and sensitive feeling for the verdant beauty of the Kilkenny countryside. It was marred, however, by diffuseness and verbosity. "The Quiet Man" is more ambitious in conception, but lacks sufficient imaginative power and creative fire to give it significance.

The real hero of the book is not the Quiet Man at all, but the uproarious, garrulous, and outrageous old Fenian, Jeremiah Coady. Jer is the schoolmaster in the village of Carriglea, County Kilkenny, living a life of single blessedness in his own cottage, loved by some and hated by many. Presently there arrives from County Clare the Quiet Man, Peter O'Dea, a young teacher who is to be Jeremiah's new assistant. We are promised a battle royal between ancient traditions and modern ideologies, or, at the very least, a conflict of wills involving the older generation and the new, but the promise is not fulfilled.

Jer Coady has a beard like Parnell's and talks like Barry Fitzgerald, who incidentally could play him nicely. Coady's veracity is as doubtful as his loquacity is undoubtable, his garrulity making him easy pickings for any wordy cause. His expertness at laundering his own clothes is the envy of the village, and a great shame it is that his holding of a bachelor's degree in misogyny disqualifies him from taking the washerman test for marriage.

The two bachelors, Peter and Jer, live together at first in dubious amity, but gradually become adjusted to each other's vagaries. Peter soon falls in love, and now surely we will have a real clash between the woman hater and the young lover, but nothing of the kind occurs. Even the romance is pallid and passionless. Jer retires, Peter takes his place as teacher, marries Tessie, and they have a son, named Markie. Tessie doesn't live very long and Peter is left alone with his son, who in due time goes to the local college and later to Maynooth to study for the priesthood. Through overstudy, he has a break-

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down, comes home to the village, vegetates there a long time, and never resumes his studies, but goes off to seek his fortune in the world, much to his father's chagrin.

There is much historical background. Matters of great moment come to pass in the latter half of the book. Many of the characters are violent patriots, and either they or their friends are actively engaged in the Transport Workers' strike, the Easter Week rebellion, the Black and Tan outrages, and the guerilla warfare waged by Michael Collins and his Irreconcilables. The dramatic values of these stirring events are strangled by a rank growth of verbiage. The character drawing gives the effect of having been done with a schoolboy's pencil.

There is a lot of talk in the book, much of it both rich and racy. Unfortunately, the picturesque, mountainy speech is often tainted with the corruptions of Hollywood. Max Factor has sullied the fair lips of Kathleen ni Houlihan. Mr. Purcell has a natural style, lively and neat as a hornpipe, but writes with a galloping facility badly in need of a check rein. A little of the discipline which is standard equipment for the poet would greatly enhance his effectiveness as a writer. A poetic urge Mr. Purcell undeniably has, but he reveals little of poetry's music, vision, and rapture. Humor he has to an extravagant degree; humor that rollicks in the pastures of Lever and Lover. In spite of its many shortcomings, "The Quiet Man" is as Irish, as rich, and as stimulating as Guiness's stout.

In a Moment of Time

THE REST IS SILENCE. By Erico Verissimo. Translated from the Portuguese by L. C. Kaplan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 485 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE place of this novel is Porto Alegre, the prosperous metropolis of southern Brazil; its time less than two days (about as long as it takes to read the book)—Good Friday and Holy Saturday of 1942.

On that Good Friday something terrible happens on the city square of Porto Alegre. A girl plunges from the thirteenth floor of the Empire Building, turns a somersault in air and crashes against the pavement. Only a few of the people crowding the plaza happen to glance up at the building when the unexpected occurs; some others chance to look out of their windows at exactly that moment. These witnesses of Yanya Karewska's suicide (if such it is) are the chief characters in the novel. Their life stories, as those of their families and intimates, form its "plot"—an expression altogether incongruent to both the form of Senhor Verissimo's book and the amount of drama and satire spread out before the less and less bewildered and ever more fascinated reader.

The device used is not a new one. (In a wider sense it is the technique of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey.") The author establishes an isolated unalterable lump of action as the contrapuntal center of a motley group of people and examines the effects of that unanalyzed action on their thoughts and destinies. In the present instance, these effects—"widening ripples sent out by a girl plunging through the even surface of life"—are occasionally lost sight of. The shadow of death merely skirts the

seven persons whose common denominator is the contingency of a split second. But precisely because Senhor Verissimo never labors his point, the reality which his writing produces leaves its imprint on the reader's mind. The factual contents of that reality are filled with the light of a fabulous imagination, in its directness almost banal at times, uncannily sophisticated at others.

Most space in the story is allotted to the Barreiro tribe, as befits a family of their station. Joaquim Barreiro, once a ruthless small-town boss, is a relic of the bygone (or almost bygone) days of civil strife, rapacious feudalism, and lecherous *droit de seigneur*. His son, Aristides, has married into the squirarchy; superficial gifts and political corruption have led him to wealth. But a steady feeling of guilt jeopardizes the satisfaction he derives from his successful career and from the pleasure he tries to squeeze out of his every day. The continuous tirades of his bigoted brother Marcelo touch him little. He does not know that he shares with his own son his most cherished possession, his beautiful mistress. He accepts the society diversions of his wife and daughter as a matter of course. Life is much too short, much too valuable to think beyond one's self. A stupid immigrant woman jumps to her death? . . . In the end Aristides sends a trifle to Yanya Karewska's family. The inhabitants of the Dutch-tiled Barreiro mansion offer a family portrait of nearly Balzacean proportions.

Straight from Balzac also stems the bachelor Dr. Ximenes Lustosa. A retired magistrate and learned recluse of settled habits, his life is pervaded by vanity and the sense of his own importance. As far as he is concerned, the most weighty fact of Yanya Karewska's suicide has been his presence.

In the bustle which ensues on the plaza, a small consumptive newspaper boy, "Sete Meis" (as they call him affectionately), has dropped the coins of his day's earnings. He is a hardboiled dead-end kid, but the incredulity his report encounters seems to unhinge his little existence. He dies in a street accident—another pebble.

To Norival Petra the tragic spectacle evokes only disgust. He "loves order with the same passion with which he hates routine"—Petra is a cheap man-about-town on the verge of bankruptcy—and the senseless intrusion threatens that beloved "order" of his. The disruption of Petra's life, unfolded within the twenty-four hours of Holy Saturday, is, incidentally, the most concise piece of "plot" in Senhor Verissimo's multi-faceted novel. And so on through the rest of the characters. Set against the background of a closely knit, semi-hierarchical Latin society, Senhor Verissimo's novel contains scores of cross-relations.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 637)

*L. P. AND R. P. STEBBINS: *THE TROLLOPES*

(The Chronicle of a Writing Family)

In the Boston Public Library the liberality which permitted . . . free use of books, the honesty of a public which could be trusted with such privileges, the excellent staff management, made an ineffaceable impression on Trollope. [In 1861-6.]

*Columbia University Press.

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Strictly Personal

HENDRIK AND THE GATE OF HEAVEN

A WEEK or two before Hendrik Willem van Loon died—and that was two years ago on March 12—he began work on a drawing called "The Gate of Heaven." In all probability—and that probability had about it the overtone of drama that he loved—the Gate of Heaven was the last sketch on which he worked. I was spending that Sunday with him, and most of the day he kept to his workroom busy with his pens and pencils, his inks and his colors. He had chosen the subject to serve as an appropriate frontispiece to the autobiography he had started, and to which he had given the inspired title, "Report to St. Peter." After an hour or so of work, he called me up to look at the practically completed sketch.

"How do you like it?" He pushed the drawing across the smooth board top of his work table.

I didn't say anything and didn't intend to say anything. After years of working with students of writing, I had learned that the time for silence, the moment to swallow all adverse opinion, is when the stuff is red hot from the typewriter, or as in this case from the drawing board, when it is still part of its creator's self . . . blood of his blood, bone of his bone. But in this instance, as it has frequently happened when in conference with students, something spoke though I stayed silent, some twitch of the eyebrow, some involuntary biting of the lip gave Hendrik my answer.

"You don't like it." Hendrik leaned his weight across the table between us. "Why?"

What I saw as I looked down at the sketch was a gracefully suggested Gothic portal, reached by a short flight of steps, framed in immemorial ivy and lit by beams of light from the right. To me it resembled any church door, and not the front door at that, but some intimate family entrance to a priestly cloister or vestry or a belfry tower.

"I know what you think," Hendrik blurted. Then he voiced my criticism for me slowly and with conviction.

"You think the Gate of Heaven should be *simpler* and *wider*."

He beamed with cheerful animation again. The new idea had taken its hold of him. He itched immediately to get it down on paper, this latest conception of a celestial gateway—both simpler and wider.

"Let's have that old sketch."

I passed it across the table. In a moment he handed it back and I found that he had inscribed it to me.

"To go with the rest of your van Loons," he said.

But already he had forgotten it. He had begun sketching away again on his pad. I glanced across, but upside down the pencil lines didn't look like anything. I thought, as I left the room, that although the path to Heaven might be straight and narrow Hendrik's new gate would probably rival the wideness of God's mercy itself. I don't think he ever finished it, for he came downstairs shortly afterward to exert his artistry on a special formula he had devised for poached eggs.

Just as, with windmill arm, the baseball pitcher gyrates on the mound for his warm-up pitches, so Hendrik embarked each morning on desultory correspondence and sketches. Then, with the blood in the brain, his mind limbered, and his fingers titillating with creativeness, he began his regular work for the day. He made a point of seeing to it that he seldom started "cold" on any important writing or drawing.

The drawings he intended to publish, despite their disarming casualness, were planned and worked over, not dashed off. Not so the sketches. If he had the pen of the ready writer, he certainly had the pencil of the adroit sketcher, and each impromptu had about it the life and movement, the sparkle and humor, if, alas, the transient quality of the bon mot. He would sketch all over the letters he wrote to his friends, and for good measure adorn the envelopes. Even a note bearing an invitation to lunch would come with caricatures of guests he would or would not ask. Such a letter might run:

"Leave your Ivory Tower for lunch with me on Thursday. You won't have . . ."

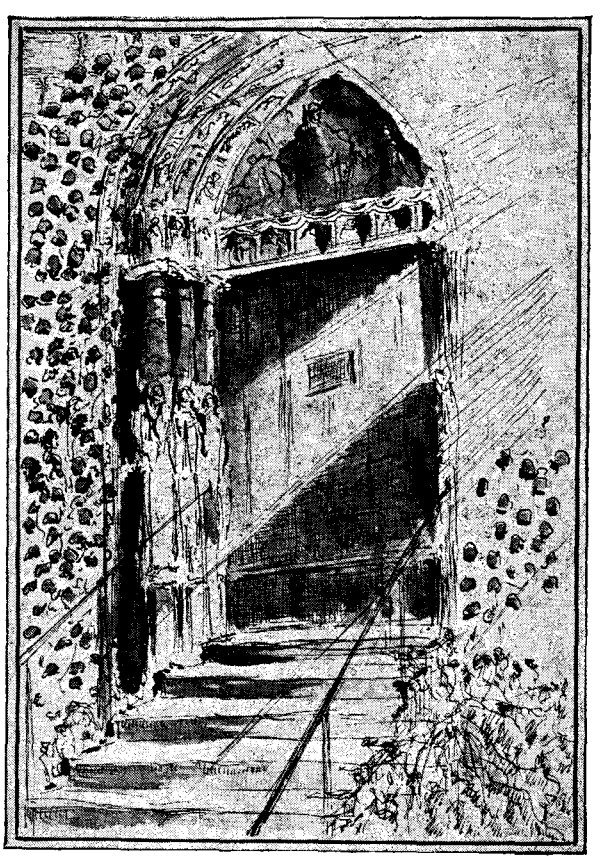
(Here he would sketch in a mammoth turkey resting on a platter with savory smells streaming upward from it like smoke from some burnt offering.)

". . . but you will taste some good conversation with . . ."

(Here a line of heads, duly initialed, all in collars but without bottoms like Raphael's little cherubs.)

Hendrik's parties would have delighted the elderly grande dame, who, commenting on the new order, remarked: "Nowadays when I'm invited to dinner, I never know whether I'm to meet an ambassador or a trained seal."

Perhaps the lunch which stays brightest in memory was the one he gave for A. A. Milne, of Christopher Robin fame, and Mrs. Milne. The Milnes, Hendrik surmised, had been gushed over and whimsied over till they could hardly see straight. He determined that his party for them would be different. He duly warned each guest not to mention either children or whimsey. Winnie the Pooh was barred. He had, he told us, requested another guest, Gene Tunney, then recently retired heavyweight champion, to see to it that all conversation took the desired mature trend. Alas, the best laid plans. . . . Gene turned out to be the worst offender.



"It should be *simpler* and *wider*."

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He arrived breathless and beaming from a local hospital where his wife Polly had just that morning presented him with a son and heir.

Hendrik and Jimmie (Mrs. van Loon) and I had laughed over reminiscences of such parties on that last Sunday I spent with him. It was good to hear him laugh again, for he hadn't been laughing much of late. His great heart had been saddened and torn by the plight of his beloved Holland.

A WEEK or so later, I switched on the radio and there was Quincy Howe talking about someone who could only be Hendrik. It was about Hendrik, and he was dead. It seemed such an incongruous thing for that big, lusty, generous, vital, industrious, Renaissance person to be.

At the funeral, I looked around the small Congregational meeting house at Old Greenwich, and as my eye lighted on this or that friend or acquaintance, I found myself wagering that we were all probably thinking, with sad amusement, much the same thing—that it took a funeral, and his own, at that, to get Hendrik to church. And I wondered just what the church would do about it. Then it happened. The ministers, one young, one older, got up and did a very wonderful thing. They said we had all come to do honor to a man who stood for . . . and then they read to us. They read in turn something from Plato, from Aristotle, from the Latins, from St. Paul's precise and cogent phrasing, from the gusty Teutons, from the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. . . . And as it all mounted up, this vindication of the right of man to freedom and of his mind to freedom of thought and of expression, we felt proud of Hendrik and proud of the church that had risen to its moment, proud that it felt, as we did, that Hendrik was something pretty special, not to be laid away with a conventional ritual for the burial of the dead, however hauntingly beautiful.

And I said to myself, when it was all over, "Now Hendrik knows all there is to know about the Gate of Heaven . . . just how simple it can be, and just how wide."

F. FRASER BOND.

Wanted: The Full Story

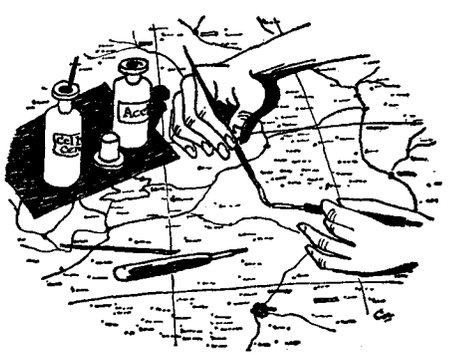
CLOAK AND DAGGER: The Secret Story of the Office of Strategic Services. By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain. New York: Random House. 1946. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

THIS reviewer, for four years a member of the Office of Strategic Services, is getting fed up with the melodramatic anecdotes of OSS operations which have been flooding the press for the last year; a deluge, no doubt, officially inspired to support the campaign for a central intelligence agency. The time for anecdotes is past. Surely, enough of the "secret story" of OSS has already been revealed to make a first-class study possible.

The OSS was an intensely interesting, highly complex, baffling, and altogether controversial organization. Its activities ranged from collecting German technical publications in Europe to the diplomatic courting of the Dalai Lama; from sabotage to scholarly research. "Cloak and Dagger," the slick job here under review, utterly fails to do justice to the real OSS. The facts seem to be correct; the book is packed with exciting information served up in the smoothest journalese imaginable. But the *feel* of the OSS as we knew it is not there. OSS operations, as the authors are well aware, make fascinating reading, and they have given us all the major ones and a lot more besides. But it is far too easy to make Hollywoodish melodrama out of these operations, and in this the authors have admirably succeeded (the book has already been sold to the movies). Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden, the authors of "Sub Rosa," another recent book on the OSS, were far more successful in conveying the atmosphere of behind-the-lines operations: the anxiety, not only of the agents themselves, but of those anxious helpers who trained them, outfitted them with forged papers and the proper clothes, briefed them with the latest intelligence, and then launched them forth.

But the full story of the OSS involves far more than a disconnected series of anecdotes about operations, exciting as they may be. Behind the



OSS undercover agent in enemy territory there stretched a vast organization with its brains in Washington and branches all over the world. There were secretaries and administrators in Washington; political reporters, microfilming technicians, mess sergeants, missionaries in uniform, in London, Bari, Chungking. Any adequate study of the OSS should weave the individual and group achievements of such men and women around the globe into an orderly pattern; a pattern which could well start with the incredible mushrooming of the agency in three short years out of the chrysalis of that small group of research men who formed the Office of the Coördinator of Information into a seasoned intelligence agency covering the world. We need, too, some analysis of each of the astonishingly varied, semi-autonomous, functional branches of the agency; each one described in terms of its place, function, and utility within the OSS as a whole. Finally, some evaluation of the overall organization of the OSS in its finished state would contribute to the understanding of the future planners and personnel of a new United States Intelligence Agency.

The history of the OSS was necessarily a history of rapid improvisation involving endless and often costly mistakes. This need not happen again. Is it wise to confine a real knowledge of the experiences of this unique agency to a secret few? Or would it not be better to give the public something more solid than the rather melodramatic stories they have so far been fed upon? Those who advocate a "total" intelligence agency for the United States would do well to realize that a mature and scholarly evaluation of the experiences of the OSS, written for the general public, would aid their cause immeasurably. Because the idea is new to them, the people of the United States are not yet ready to approve of an overall intelligence agency; and little has been done to impress them with the indispensability of such an organization. Books like "Cloak and Dagger" merely blur the issue in a fog of melodrama. Let us have no more of them.

The full story of the OSS should be given to the public, if the powers in Washington hope to gain support in Congress for a peacetime intelligence agency. Such a book is needed for history. It is desperately needed as an encouragement, a guide, a corrective for the intelligence agency of the future which we may sooner or later expect. Perhaps the job is now in preparation. If not, who will volunteer to write it?

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INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

NO ONE of the numerous, competent, and fluent contributors to the *SRL*'s University Press Number a week ago so much as mentioned one grave crisis that today confronts every university press. Perhaps, like the little Spartan boy whose tummy was being eaten by the fox, they chose to suffer in silence with everybody looking on; perhaps they thought that, as especially invited guests, they were prevented by good manners from airing their private grievances. But there is no reason why the *SRL* cannot, on its own, air a grievance for them.

Their dilemma is well stated in a press release just put out by Harvard University Press. "Our current headache, and that of other small publishers," the author of the release explains, "is something like the plight of a native resident who arrives at the lake shore with the best fishing tackle available on the first day of the season and finds he must compete for strikes with the big city boys trolling in boats equipped with outboard motors. The old-timers will tell you that today publishers face problems far worse than those encountered during and after the First World War. It isn't enough that the big magazines are buying up paper mills to ensure a supply at the source. In addition every publisher in the country is loading book plants with new books and reprints of old ones, each run totaling thousands of copies. What do you think the owner of a printing plant says when he receives an order from Harvard to 'print 1200, bind 500'? Only an innate sense of politeness prevents him from telling us what he thinks. It's something like the drug store proprietor who has one customer who wants to buy two cartons and another who only wants to buy two cigarettes."

The Harvard expositor's flippancy is only superficial. He is urgently aware of impending disaster. He does not whine, but merely states facts. We wish him well, but have no panacea to offer him, or even the mildest and most transient ameliorative. But we can make his plight known.

J. T. W.

GOOD FOR BOLIVIA!

FRANCIS HAYES of Guilford College, who has apparently been spending some time in South America, has returned with the conviction that "in Bolivia, and in other parts of Latin America, the superficial, the commercial, and the raucous voices of North America are too often in evidence," and that Tin-Pan Alley and Hollywood drown out any feeble intellectual undertones that may be struggling to make themselves heard. He reports on the situation in *South Atlantic Bulletin*, the official organ of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association.

A street-car conductor in La Paz is likely to hand you a transfer the verse of which urges you to "Tome Coca-Cola" or to "Fume Lucky Strike —está tostado." The newspaper *La Razón* offers its circulation the daily exploits of, among several others, "Superhombre" and "Benitín y Eneas" —that is to say, Mutt and Jeff. The weekly page of potted fiction is part of "a never ending supply from some North American syndicate," and is likely to recount the adventures of "a *mujer fatal* and a kidnaper in racketeer-ridden New York."

Mr. Hayes believes that "in order to convince Bolivians, and of course other Latin Americans, that we deserve their recognition in the world of ideas as well as in the world of commerce, we might translate the cream of our literary reviews and supply them at low cost to Bolivia and other countries. And we should inform not only Bolivians, but all Latin-American intellectuals, that we are interested in what they write."

But *La Razón* is not exclusively concerned with Benitín and Eneas and New York kidnapings. Mr. Hayes lists titles of home-grown essays in a "typical Sunday edition": "The Renaissance of Philosophical Thinking," "The Past and Present of America" (that is, South America), "The Attack on Illiteracy," "The Indigenous Dances of Bolivia," and "Myths, Superstitions, and Popular Survivals." Bolivia might do well to export some of this material northward. At least *La Razón* is setting a standard which our own Sunday newspapers could do worse than follow.

J. T. W.

Card Tricks

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

LOOK up my sleeve. You'll see there's nothing there.
Observe what's in my hand. Here, hold the pack
And count it: Ace, and King, and Queen, and Jack,
And two, three, four to ten. It's only fair.
Not one is missing from the fifty-two.
See—all four suits in place: Club, Diamond, Spade,
And Heart like the red target that the blade
Of swordsman might find out and then thrust through.
Now pick a card and note it. Thus begun,
Next cut with care and put it in its place.
Then shuffle. Let me see. Is this the one?
No! And I see a faint scorn cross each face.
Of course, not! Here it is! You young scapegrace,
From your own pocket I take it! What have you done?

Thus, of a short dark winter afternoon,
Seated within my chair before a fire
That crackles into castle and turret and spire
All coppery as a burnished copper spoon,
I practise unobtrusive legerdemain,
A Merlin who can summon all things fey,
For two rapt pairs of eyes—the black, the gray—
And do not count my small deception vain.
For with slight effort of my inept hands
I shape a light-heart sorcery that can
Conjure gay wonder with its flutter of wings,
And in the child that is father to the man,
I see the child joy dancing sarabands,
And then how great become my magickings!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Books for Austria

SIR: In your issue of May 11 you published a letter by Mrs. Teschner appealing for books for Austria.

May we call your attention to the recently launched Books for Democracy campaign which is sponsored by many writers, booksellers and publishers. Initiated by the Austro-American Council, the campaign was started in answer to an appeal by the Cultural Director of the Vienna City Council, Dr. Victor Matejka.

"We have eliminated fascist literature from our public libraries," states Dr. Matejka in his appeal, "and we are trying to fill the gaps with good Austrian and world literature. . . . In order to provide the tools for the democratic re-education, we need the generous aid from our friends in America."

All books collected through Books for Democracy will be shipped to the Vienna City Council for distribution to the public libraries. Books may be sent to the Austro-American Council, c/o W. J. Beer, 470 Flushing Ave., Brooklyn 5, N. Y. or to the *Austro-American Tribune*, 200 W. 72d St., New York City.

We would appreciate it very much if you would call this campaign to the attention of your readers. Thank you for your cooperation.

DR. BRUNO SCHOENFELD
Chairman
DR. ERNEST WALDINGER
Vice-Chairman

New York, N. Y.

Mental Illness in Fiction

SIR: What a stimulating letter you had from the "Viewer With Alarm" (Maude Beamish, *SRL* May 25)! The suspicion that the criticism of "The Life Line," "The Single Pilgrim," and "Written on the Wind" may be as strikingly inappropriate as that of "The Snake Pit" is stimulating me to read them as soon as possible.

Why should "the digging down into abnormal consciousness" be considered depraved? Mental illness is a subject of almost universal concern. The problems of care and treatment have become vitally important during the war years. Why, then, is a fierce denunciation the emotional reaction to this picture of a woman's sojourn in a mental hospital? Is it because it is the unknown, the secretly imagined, that terrifies? Adjustment can usually be made to the beneficent though painful known. People face other kinds of hospitalization with a degree of equanimity and read about them without horror.

But your correspondent wants something done about this presentation of mental illness. You might tell her of one step in that direction. In response to the interest aroused by "The Snake Pit," the Newark *Sunday Call* of May 26 published an illustrated article on the administration of electric shock treatment in one of our hospitals. That is a straw in the wind—a straw of frantic fear gone in the wind of enlightenment, I hope.

Possibly I saw nothing "feverish and enervating" about "The Snake Pit" because I was not in complete ignorance of the subject. My son spent his first vacation from college as an attendant in a state institution for mental illness. His experiences the first week were undoubtedly distressing. Familiarity, however, bred not contempt, but interest, understanding, and sympathy.

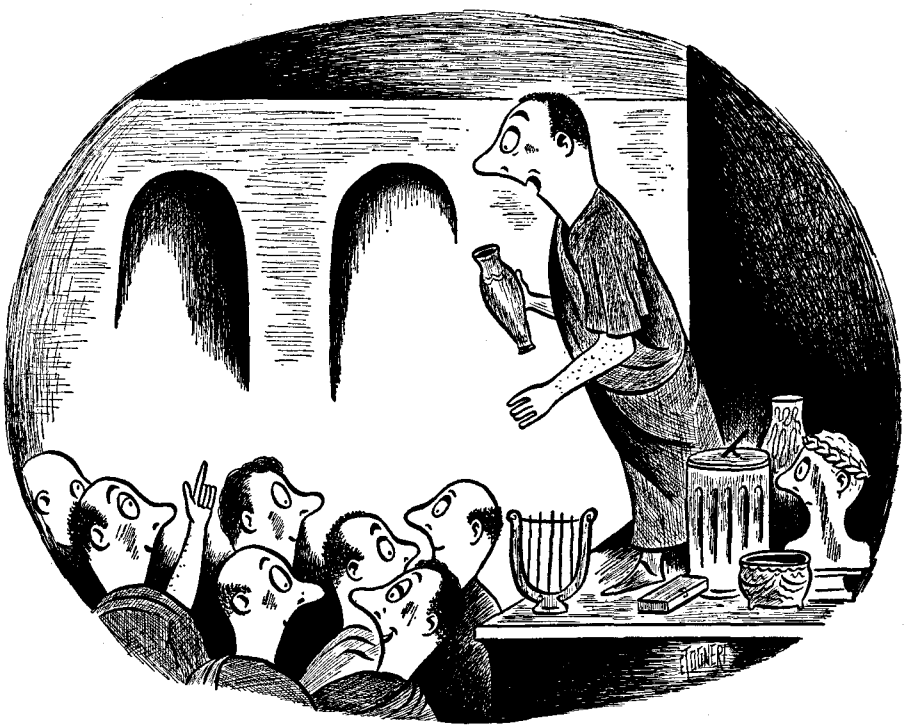
Your correspondent wonders where Mary Jane Ward will end up? Well, it certainly looks now as though, thanks to the absorbing narrative of her ordeal, she has taken no mean strides on the road to prosperity.

It is exasperating to see books lumped together on the basis of personal squeamishness. To bracket "The Snake Pit" with "Fanny Hill" is absurd. Wasn't Fanny deeply and legally interred long ago? How came the lass with the delicate air to exhume her?

Which leads to an uffish thought that may have made some other reader chortle in his joy. Your Beamish lady with the pridefully weak stomach sure goes in for fairly extensive research just to upset it. She must be a glutton for punishment. She alludes glibly to sadism. Has she ever heard of masochism?

Calloo! Callay!

MILDRED L. BALL.
East Orange, N. J.



"Do I hear XII, gentlemen? Do I hear XII?"

SIR: Cheers for Miss Beamish, who has attacked the jabberwock of obscenity in the tulgy wood of modern fiction! The fate she envisages for Phyllis Bottome ("winding snakes in her hair and chewing an old shin bone") seems unlikely, however. Miss Bottome knows a great deal about psychiatry. Her husband was Alfred Adler's secretary, and she herself published a biography of Adler in 1939.

As Rolfe Boswell pointed out in his essay, "In Uffish Thought," in the January, 1946, *Baker Street Journal*, the original Jabberwock "was slain by young Beamish in 1871, so it could not have been the heraldic monster which figured in the Grice Paterson case" (one of the unwritten Sherlock Holmes cases). Mr. Boswell also refers to "another trail which led to the dark and spidery Reichenbach Fall, and the *danse macabre* on its brink." I would rather have written that passage than pitched my tent on the Plains of Abraham—if you get what I mean.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.
New York, N. Y.

Another Lunar Rainbow

SIR: Referring to the letters in your May 18 issue I would like to add that "mine eyes have seen the glory" of a lunar rainbow also.

A number of years ago—in August 1906, to be quite definite—while living in the little town of Hilo, Hawaii, I made the trip from there to the volcano of Kilauea, a crater four thousand feet above sea level in the side of Mauna Loa, whose snow-capped summit rose even six thousand feet higher. The day of the trip was a rare one for Hawaii. It was not a day of blue skies, mellow sunshine, and soft trade winds, so typical of the islands, but a day of heavy tropical rain.

It was night when we reached the crater. The rain was over and the skies had cleared until the air sparkled in its brilliancy and crispness. As I stepped from the carriage I had my first view of the crater of Kilauea, a vast pit of nearly three thousand acres of shiny black, hardened, and cracked lava encircled by bluffs five hundred feet high, all spanned by the arc of a moonlight rainbow! This was no fantasy; it was real, magnificent, and superb! The memory remains with me as one of the most awe-inspiring sights I have ever seen. The rainbow colors were there, though dimly elusive through

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their veil of moonlight, and its promise of fair weather proved as true as the promise of a daylight rainbow, for the next morning dawned bright and clear.

ELEANOR SHERIFF VIERRA.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Hooray for Nylons!

SIR: Concerning Dixon Wecter's review-article in your issue of May 18, "The Public Domain of the Air," witness this tail-end commercial which was heard over WABC, Sunday, May 19, on the Super Suds "Blondie" show, which I quote with fair accuracy:

"Remember, ladies, the used fats you turn in to your butcher do *not* go overseas. They are returned to American industry to provide more of the things you want: nylons, for instance, and, of course, soap."

The question is not whether these waste fats could possibly be used to help feed those who starve today. But, rather, in view of the fact that much of the world, besides not eating well, is not eating, period, I cannot see any justification (even from the standpoint of "it's good business") for this slapping of one's own back, this commercial which is so penny-minded, delivered in complete ignorance of the suffering of so much of the world.

Incidentally, it may hurt to admit, but it is true that this suffering is as much our fault as that of others concerned in the war just past.

What remedy? Certainly there *must* be one, but I question whether radio's self-government (if such a utopia ever comes) would effectively clear up the shabby, shoddy commercials which mar its countenance.

JAMES A. DOYLE.
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

The In-Between South

SIR: Happily I relinquish my monopoly to the chore of arguing in print that we are weary of the monotonous satires on the South. I share it with you now. Welcome to such of it as you want to assume.

I've been preaching all these years that there is a vital and dynamic South somewhere in between Scarlett O'Hara's Tara and Tobacco Road. I've been a voice crying in the wilderness, my text being that neither the lustful Rhett Butler nor the lascivious Jeeter Lester represents any considerable portion of the South.

Away with air heavy with the perfume of magnolias, away with the hookworm and lynch mobs and all the other frazzled stereotypes which have brought in good royalties and perpetuated fallacies for lo these many years.

Will some author tell about the "in-between" South, where now white-faced cows are turning green grass into red meat, where *The Commercial Appeal* and other newspapers and agencies are encouraging yeoman farmers, where frozen food lockers are changing the diet habits of countless thousands, where some honest men and women are earnestly and conscientiously striving to give democracy a chance despite the daily mouthings of the demagogues?

PAUL FLOWERS.
Memphis, Tenn.

Rental Librarian Retorts

SIR: So the rental library member feels that it would be an intelligent process to place all rental books on the shelves according to author and entirely disregard titles! I have been a librarian for several years and I can tell "the lady who likes to take a poke at us" many reasons why this would not be feasible.

The average reader today reads books because he reads the reviews. He knows the best-seller lists, and many people want to read the "latest books"—regardless. That being the case, those books are placed on the shelves for the public, and it is my personal experience that ninety per cent of them have no idea who is the author of the book they want to read tonight. If the book is good enough and warrants recommendation, then both title and author have the green light and there is no necessity for even putting the book on the shelves—the reservations make that impossible. However, when people read a review of a book and its contents appeal to them, they go to the rental library and ask for that book by its title.

Last but by no means least is the paramount fact that the rental library features fiction, and fiction books move along so fast today that there is no room to keep books of 1944, regardless of the author, when 1946 is teeming with new titles.

Librarians have to keep up with the times, and I consider anyone of them worthy of the job if he or she can fathom the request of a customer who came in to the shop one day and asked for "Forty Ways to Amuse a Dog" when he meant "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh."

BEATRICE K. COLLINS.
Brooklyn, New York

Finding Your Way at Sea

SIR: I was quite interested in reading Henry F. Pringle's review of the new Josephus Daniels volume (*SRL* May 25). I feel that it is a fair representation of what he found in the book. However, I believe that several points he makes could be improved by adding a few more details.

Mr. Pringle states that the captain of the *George Washington* "had lost his reckoning in the fog." Now, as a matter of fact, there are but three ways to navigate a vessel: celestial navigation, dead reckoning, and point-to-point by observation of fixed positions on shore. Only the first two methods were available to the captain at the time under consideration.

Dead reckoning consists of locating the ship's position on the chart (map) based on the estimated conditions of ocean currents (drift), and wind, plus calculations of speed as supplied by the chief engineer. So if the captain "lost his reckoning" he would just reckon all over again. I have seen the four deck officers of a vessel reckon her position in a fog and all place her at a slightly different spot. This is undoubtedly what happened in 1919. F. D. R., along with the captain and other officers, calculated the *Washington's* position and when observation of the sun was available some time later, F. D. R.'s estimate proved to be more accurate than the captain's. Also, I believe the *Washington* and the *America* were at that time under Army control, not Navy.

Incidentally, I never heard of a sea captain ever admitting he was lost. Nothing could be more disgraceful, except to run into a lightship.

Regarding the "Gasoline Mystery," this story was booted around among seafaring men for years, but no one I ever talked to about it really put much stock in it. Just another "white whale" yarn. However, about four years ago (summer of '42) an enterprising reporter from the *New York World Telegram* printed the whole story. This reporter had located the now elderly Mr. Andrews in a small Pennsylvania town, but he still refused to divulge his secret. I have the clipping some place, but at the moment cannot locate it.

W. OTIS FITCHETT.
Caldwell, N. J.

Reviewords

SIR: Reviews that give me mental lapses
Are filled with "probablys" and "perhapses."

JAMES F. DAMALIO.
Freeport, N. Y.

"Now what ridiculous tale can I spin that will satisfy your naive minds?"

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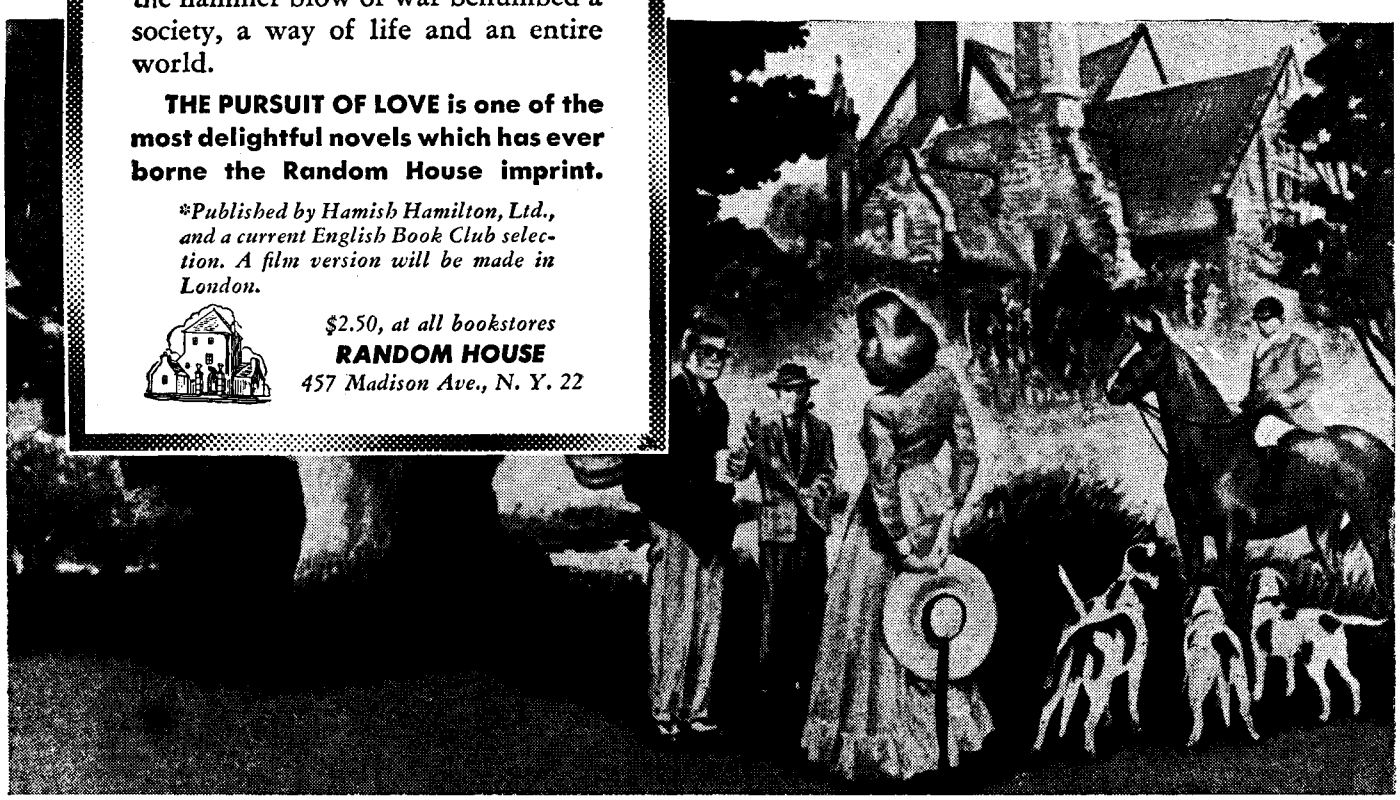

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TRADE Winds

THE END OF THE spring season of 1946 finds the book publishers of America in a slightly chastened mood. Business has been good—but not so good as extreme optimists hoped it was going to be. The top best-sellers continue to produce a merry tinkle on the cash registers, but the secondary books—the ones that used to sell from six to ten thousand copies, and then, favored by wartime demand, and bulk orders from the Army and Navy, jumped suddenly to twenty and thirty thousand—are slipping rapidly back to normal. And though it is not yet widespread enough to constitute a trend, there is no denying the fact that several outlets that added books when other commodities were unobtainable are selling out the balance of their stocks at cost and retiring from the field. The demand for books continues brisk, they explain, but other lines, now reappearing in the market, require less specialized knowledge on the part of their clerks, and the mark-up is higher.

To date, the set-back in the book business is so slight that it might be regarded as nothing worse than the annual seasonal spring slump, were it not for disquieting reports from the magazine publishers, and, to a somewhat lesser extent, from the quarter book entrepreneurs. The magazine field is definitely overcrowded. New projects, extensively ballyhooed (and, so far at least, ninety per cent promise and ten per cent performance), one-shots rushed out by incompetent amateurs, and blatant imitations of established successes are cluttering up the distributors' stockrooms to an alarming extent. Furthermore, some of the old-timers have stepped up their production beyond all reason. One digest magazine increased its print order in April from three hundred thousand to a million—and is stuck with the entire overrun, since the newsstand sale remained constant in most sections, and actually declined in others.

The principal rub is that newsdealers simply haven't got the space to display the merchandise that is being dumped into their laps. In Miami, one dealer showed me in his stockroom over twenty packages of new magazines and quarter books that he had not even bothered to unwrap. "The next time the distributor's truck comes round," he told me grimly, "these packages get dumped right back. If I had been here when they were delivered, I would have refused to accept them. I didn't order them, and I don't want them."

The publishers of quarter books, I gathered, were among the worst offenders. Old leaders, frantically endeavoring to retain their virtual corner on the market, were publishing too many titles, and distributing double the number of each that the market wanted. Newcomers, in their haste to swell volume, were rushing out titles that failed utterly to jibe with the high-sounding principles set forth in their prospectuses. The line that was offering infinitely the most distinguished titles at the twenty-five-cent price was finding the going so rough that insiders wondered how long they could stand the gaff. Their books were coming back by the thousand, frequently in the unopened cartons in which they had come from the binderies. The future of the quarter field may be all milk and honey, but right now the average taste of its public is far below that of the real bookstore patron; hackneyed Westerns and run-of-the-mill mysteries outsell titles with genuine literary merit by a margin that is most discouraging to idealists who professed to see in the creation of the twenty-five-cent book a tremendous boost to the cultural development of the country.

Alert book publishers should derive an excellent warning from the present problems of the magazine world. Bookstores, too, have room for only a certain amount of display stock—and many of them are cutting that down by adding a line of records and phonographs. This is a development I expect to discuss in a future column. Meanwhile, booksellers already are beginning to complain that they will not be able to do justice to all the titles announced for the fall. Pruning of overlong lists is definitely in order. The path of some turkeys already announced leads obviously from the binderies straight to the remainder counters. . . .

THE LITERARY WORLD will remember the spring of 1946 for many reasons. It marked the passing of one of America's finest publishers, Curtice Hitchcock, and two stalwarts of the twenties, Theodore Dreiser and Booth Tarkington. The wave of strikes caused havoc with production schedules. The shortage of college text books, already serious, will become a public scandal when fall semesters get under way. War memoirs diminished steadily in popularity, with only Ralph Ingersoll's "Top Secret," and, to a lesser extent, Captain Butcher's Eisenhower volume bucking the trend. "Top Secret" is the most exciting book I have read this year. I'm sure Ingersoll overstates his case, but he writes so well that you don't notice the inconsistencies until long after you have put his story down. His praise of General Omar Bradley has delighted the G.I.'s who really knew the score in Europe, and his chap-

"Ellery Q. Carr, Hercule P. Carr, Sherlock H. Carr—why, darling, they'll be a great hit with the boys."

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"Next!"

ters on D-Day are simply breath-taking. . . .

FOR MY OWN PART, one of the more astonishing aspects of the spring season has been the almost constant attention of that unique institution, the Walter Winchell Feud and Whine Society. Mr. Winchell has not dipped quite so deeply into his swill bucket since his ludicrous attempt to repay the editors of *The New Yorker* for their revealing profile of him some years back. Winchell's motives must be crystal-clear to a child of eight; they are clarified even further by the announcement that *he* is going to have a book of stories and anecdotes this fall, too—published, oddly enough, by the very same firm that sponsored "Try and Stop Me"—Simon and Schuster. . . .

THOMAS MANN, whose recent illness was far more serious than press releases indicated, has recovered completely, and is back at work on his allegorical novel about the Nazi movement. The book is now three quarters completed, and the few people who have seen it predict that it will be the crowning glory of his career. . . . Bruce Marshall, author of "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith," will devote his next book to a study of modern France. "Yellow Tapers for Paris" is the title. . . . Ann Bridge's "Singing Waters," the July selection of the Literary Guild, is set in the hills of Albania; Halldór Laxness's "Independent People," the August Book-of-the-Month Club choice, is a novel about Iceland. Remember when they used to write about Forty-second Street and Broadway? . . . The simultaneous publication of the "Borzoi Book of the Ballet" and S. Hurok's "Impresario" is indicative of the amazing growth of interest in the ballet in America.

BONI AND GAER have set a very high standard for themselves with their first publication, Abel Plenn's "Wind in the Olive Trees." If anything can awaken the public to the terrible danger of our present policy in Spain, this book will do it. The Book Find Club deserves a cheer for making it the July selection. . . . Freeman Lewis is the new executive vice-president of Pocket Books. . . . Bernard Smith has resigned from Knopf to become Eastern story editor for Goldwyn. . . .

RECOMMENDED TO blabber-mouths is Henry Commager's version of Jonah and the whale. Jonah was so nervous in the whale's belly, it appears, that he paced up and down ceaselessly. The whale finally grew annoyed and called down, "Can't you cut out that continuous bouncing about, Jonah? You are ruining my digestion." "You're a fine one to talk," answered Jonah. "If you only had kept that big mouth of yours shut, neither of us would be in this fix now."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

BECAUSE I have a French landlady, I have been oiling up my French. I seem to remember my idioms alright, but whenever a word escapes me, I am lost because I just can't think of a synonym. I've got to thinking about this and I've come to the conclusion that it is not my fault, but the fault of the French language. There just aren't enough words in French.

Don't quote me on this, but I think of all well known languages, English is by far the richest. You can combine and express practically anything. The French idiom is suave, but it just doesn't cover the ground. In English the only thing you have to prevent is clichés (a French word meaning cliché). We Americans are great for getting ahold of a new expression and running it ragged as if it were number one on the *Hit Parade.*

ELEANOR CLARK, author of **The Bitter Box,** may have created some potential clichés, but she has never used one. She has the knack of finding a fresh expression for a familiar thing. I won't cite any examples because to do so would mean copying the book almost verbatim. In **The Bitter Box** she has definitely enriched the American language, which to begin with is richer than the English language.

There have been two results of this enrichment. The first is that she has contributed her bit to a new language. There are other writers in recent years who have done it, and I know of a book to be published in August by another house that is going to do it. But ELEANOR CLARK'S contribution is not insignificant. The second result, a transient one to be sure, is that *some* of the critics, while they liked the book, were a bit confused by what they thought was the bizarre, outlandishness of it. These things do not happen in real life, they said, these people are fantastic. Well, from where I sit, these people she writes about do exist, and it isn't fantastic at all. It's just a question of noticing what there is to notice. Too many people are so used to just talking in ordinary language that they come to think in clichés and ordinary thoughts. ELEANOR CLARK does her own thinking and so she does her own writing. Her book is all about us everywhere, you have only to use your own eyes. I know a man who heard a cricket in the subway.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

LA MERMAN

EVEN before the atomic bomb, there was Ethel Merman. She may never have flattened a playhouse but she has always shaken the rafters and laid an audience low. The Big Crash came in 1929. Being financial, it resulted in a depression. The Bigger Crash followed the next year. Since Miss Merman was responsible for it, its victims knew only pleasure.

Mr. Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" was the musical comedy which dropped Miss Merman on Broadway for the first time. As Broadway was defenseless against her then (and has been ever since), it surrendered—happily. Indeed, it had capitulated before she finished chanting "Samson and Delilah." With her next number, "I Got Rhythm," everyone realized that, more than releasing a song, Miss Merman was singing her autobiography. The chain reaction Miss Merman started in "Girl Crazy" has not stopped to this day. "Annie Get Your Gun" proves this beyond scientific dispute. So far as Miss Merman's career is concerned, Irving Berlin's new exhibit must be set down as a test comparable to the perhaps slightly more percussive one soon to take place at Bikini.

Herbert and Dorothy Fields have supplied a book for "Annie Get Your Gun," as they were honor-bound to do. It is the kind of book usually described as serviceable. This means that it neither strains the mind too severely nor grants the attention an overlong recess. If it is not ignited by the higher imagination, it nonetheless never fails to show the most thoughtful consideration for Miss Merman—and her admirers. This is a lot. Anyone craven enough not to think so should stay home, thus making room, where room is needed, for all the rest of us who feel that to have Miss Merman at her best is far more than enough.

The book the Fieldses have concocted is as itinerant as an old-fashioned pre-war travel folder. It is a globe-trotting affair which, because of its very restlessness, permits Jo Mielziner to design a goodly number of agreeable backgrounds. In nine scenes it tells the story of Annie Oakley's rise and fall. Her rise, in this instance, has to do with the professional acclaim she wins as a shot in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; her fall, with the surrendering love she feels for Frank Butler, her single rival with the rifle. As goes without saying, Annie not only gets her clay pigeons; she gets her man, too.

Since she is played by Ethel Merman, Annie also gets her audiences. She gets them with an accuracy the real Annie Oakley would have admired, and for which William Tell, as a man, would have felt a natural envy. Miss Merman does not have to take careful aim to fire. She shoots from the hips; from the tonsils, too. Not to forget her shiny black eyes, her wagging head, and her broad, swinging shoulders.

Her energy is something the United Nations might well look into, even if they could never hope to control it. She breezes onto the stage as a threat. Yet, since all she threatens is the equilibrium, Miss Merman could serve the scientists as a model. From her they might learn that it is possible to devastate without destroying, and only by delighting.

Perhaps the easiest way to place Miss Merman for such luckless mortals as have not seen her would be to ask them to imagine the kind of woman Botticelli never dreamed of, and Blake would have been unable to draw. Come to think of it, there's nothing Kate Greenaway about Miss Merman either. Or of Whistler's Mother, for that matter. She is as much of a poster as she is of a person. A poster? More accurately, an electric sign, and the most dazzling one to be seen on Broadway since the disappearance of the old Wrigley ad.

If I mention Broadway, it is because Miss Merman *is* Broadway. She is Broadway with its flash in the flesh; Broadway making noon of darkness and ready to turn each night into New Year's Eve. *Variety* is obviously the spice of Miss Merman's life. Has "show biz" a symbol? She is it. What the Goddess of Liberty is to the harbor, Miss Merman is to Tin Pan Alley. Although Bartholdi's Iron Maiden may be seen farther, the lively daughter of the Edward Zimmermans can be heard from a greater distance.

—*Vandamm Studio*

Ethel Merman "may create fissions in the middle ear, but she never lets a number, a note, or an audience down."

Hearing is believing in Miss Merman's case. Her voice is one of the less lark-like sounds known to contemporary ears. It is also one of the most jubilant. She may create fissions in the middle ear, but she never lets a number, a note, or an audience down. Miss Merman sings volumes; rowdy, racy, joyful volumes. Though very much of an individualist, her vocal powers are choral. So athletic is her throat that it is hard to understand how anyone who had not heard Miss Merman could have invented the calliope.

No metronome can equal her for precise timing. This does not mean that she is mechanical. She lets each song fly, no matter how often she may have repeated it, with as much joy as if she had just discovered it. She is all over the place. She works like a stable, not a horse. Her work is so palpably her pleasure that we enjoy it in her fashion, forgetting the labor involved. To tell the truth, we relish it the more because of the reckless expenditure of energy it represents. Her personality is pure benzedrine.

Her vestments are part of Miss Merman's exuberance. They are rococo even for Broadway. They are made for spotlights, not daylight. They are never clothes. They are always costumes. No one could wear them except Miss Merman, and no one else would. Theirs is the demureness of a circus wagon.

Miss Merman's hats are of airfield proportions. If they are fringed, they outdo an old-fashioned surrey; if

*ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, a new musical presented by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, *2nd*. Directed by Joshua Logan. Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Dances by Helen Tamiris. Costumes by Lucinda Ballard. With a cast including Ethel Merman, Ray Middleton, Lea Penman, Betty Anne Nyman, William O'Neal, Harry Bellaver, etc. At the Imperial Theatre.

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STAGE

"GREAT STUFF!"—Kronenberger, PM
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"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. CI. 5-5200
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

"Bull's-Eye!" —Barnes, Her. Trib.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In a New Musical
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
Directed by Antoinette Perry
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8.40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Stone
Air-Cond. 46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A TUNEFUL HIT!"—Coleman, Mirror
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41st Street W. of B'way — Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

feathered, they have enough plumes on them to leave an ostrich blushing. The shoulders of her dresses suggest that Schiaparelli has made the varsity eleven. When her gowns are décolleté, they indicate that Winston Churchill is not the only person to believe in a V-for-Victory sign. Although Miss Merman may wear long trains, she does so for fun, not for style. She resents them. She is bored by the obsequiousness with which they follow her. Accordingly, at the turns she kicks them out of her way joyously, because she is mocking dignity at the same time. And dignity is one of the things of which Miss Merman is intolerant.

As a comedienne, Miss Merman is as American as the Fourth of July. Hers is a sense of humor which ought to sport a raccoon coat, wave pennants, wear slacks, or send a jukebox about its business. It exudes chewing gum, popcorn, hamburgers, and Coca-Cola. It is young enough for that; sufficiently high-spirited, too. It shows its maturity only in its extraordinary expertness.

Miss Merman is Broadway's idea of its own Beatrice Lillie. The difference between the two of them as entertainers is the difference between Times Square and Mayfair. Teddy Roosevelt and Earl Gray could not have been more unalike than are these women. The diminutive Canadian I once was driven to describe as Lady Banana Peel is gloriously subtle, but Miss Merman is no less gloriously unsubtle.

Miss Lillie is, of course, supreme when it comes to the raised eyebrow. Make no mistake about it, however, Miss Merman excels to the same extent as a wielder of the Big Stick.

The one is as much the mistress of nuance as the other is of noise. Both are incredibly professional (in the best sense of the word), and equally hilarious. The fun of Miss Lillie's performances is that they have shadows; the joy of Miss Merman's is that they are shadowless. Regardless of how shady the number in which she is involved, Miss Merman

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Desi Arnaz
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& the CASA LOMA ORCH.
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DANE CLARK
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B'WAY 51ST
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STAGE

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with JOAN TETZEL — RICHARD BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Mat. Thurs. & Sat.

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manages never to lose her mid-day brightness.

No traveling salesman could fail to understand what Miss Merman may have on her mind. She does not dodge the facts of life. She takes to them as a bather to the ocean. But, instead of leering at them as if they were sinister or glamorous, she makes them ridiculous by treating them naturally. Her vulgarity, which is epic, is one of the manifestations of her good health. As such, it is healthy in its own right, Miss Merman takes nature both in its stride and her own. She has no inhibitions. Innocent she certainly is not, but she has a goodness which refuses to be smudged. To her, though abundant fun, S-E-X is obviously a laughing matter at which she laughs as heartily as she succeeds in making the rest of us.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Ballet As Miss Robert Sees It

THE BORZOI BOOK OF BALLETS. By Grace Robert. Illustrated. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 362 + *xxiii pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MARTIN

FOR balletomanes, who like nothing better than to reminisce in critical detail about ballets they have seen, Grace Robert's book will be something of a treat. They will agree wholeheartedly with some of her opinions, and disagree violently with others, but they will find her on the whole a lively and stimulating companion. For those who are not balletomanes, however, the book may be of more questionable interest. Contrary to the blurb on the jacket, it does not "answer all those questions. . . . What are the dancing, the music, the dancers, and meanings of this popular art?" Nor even attempt to.

Just what the author is trying to do is not clear. At first glance, her purpose seems to be the compilation of a reference work after the pattern of Cyril Beaumont's "Complete Book of Ballets," confining itself to those ballets now current in the New York field or important in its development, giving their vital statistics, their stories, etc. And that would be a useful project. But closer examination reveals that she has treated only sixty-seven ballets out of an eligible total of perhaps twice that number, has included many trivial works, omitted many important ones, and subjected them all to highly personal comment which has no place in a reference work. Perhaps the soundest conclusion is that the whole work is personally based, and that Miss Robert has simply written facts and opinions that interested her about certain ballets and certain dancers whom she has especially liked or disliked.

On such a basis the book has definite merits. It is written with spirit and with a good background in its specific field. Its opinions, within their own circumscribed sphere, are independent and courageous. One is delighted to find outspoken scorn for such sacred cows (or at least for contemporary productions of them) as "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Prince Igor," "Scheherazade," and "Spectre de la Rose"; and even more delighted to read sturdy defenses of such neglected masterpieces as "Don Juan," "L'Epreuve d'Amour," and "St. Francis."

It is possible to surmise from the context that Miss Robert's outlook on the ballet as a whole has been shaped largely by the local "ballet-russe" period in which we have been immersed since 1933. If that is true, her partiality for certain dancers and choreographers and her tendency to apologize for their shortcomings—the choreography of Massine and Lichine are cases in point—become understandable. However, she does not hesitate to be severe upon occasion even with artists she most admires.

In general her opinions are not only interesting but based on something more than whim, however much one may disagree with them. Once in a while, however, she slips. When she writes of Balanchine's "austere classicism," for example, she is on dubious ground, for the great individuality of Balanchine's classicism lies in its freedom from rigidity, its ingenious ornamentation, its rather sweet and gentle surface. To say elsewhere that "an adequate appraisal of the Balanchine ballets can only be made in terms of musical analysis for which no one but a more than competent musician is qualified" is cultish tommyrot. A ballet that has to be appraised by a musical analyst is no ballet at all.

There are a few errors of fact. It may have been true when the manuscript was completed that "Apollo" and "Baiser de la Fée" were no longer in the repertoire, but it is not true now. Again, the critics (for whom the author has no excessive regard) did not change their minds about Nijinska's "Chopin Concerto" between its first local presentation by a hit-or-miss company at the World's Fair and its revival under Mme. Nijinska's personal direction by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo; Mme. Nijinska completely restaged the work in the meantime. The fact that Eugene Loring's "Billy the Kid" preceded Agnes de Mille's "Rodeo" to Broadway does not make it true that "choreographically 'Rodeo' owes much to 'Billy the Kid'," for the first short sketch of "Rodeo," containing all its characteristic movements, was produced in London a year before "Billy the Kid" was created, and in New York several months before. Doris Humphrey's name is inexcusably misspelled, but that is not likely to trouble Miss Robert, whose contempt for the so-called modern dance in toto is exceeded only by her embarrassing ignorance of its principles, its intent, and its accomplishments. She drags the subject into the discussion, however, at every turn, and treats it invariably with the smugness and the bad manners typical of "high-church" balletomanes.

But whatever its shortcomings as a serious, balanced work on the ballet, the book is head and shoulders above the general level of balletomania, for its literacy, its critical integrity, and the substantial taste and background upon which its prejudices are built. A book of opinion, indeed, would be pretty dull stuff without prejudices.

There is a good index, and there is also a glossary of the miscellaneous technical terms employed liberally in the text. This latter is no more lucid than other such glossaries have been before it, for it is impossible to describe movement in words, as the author confesses once or twice.

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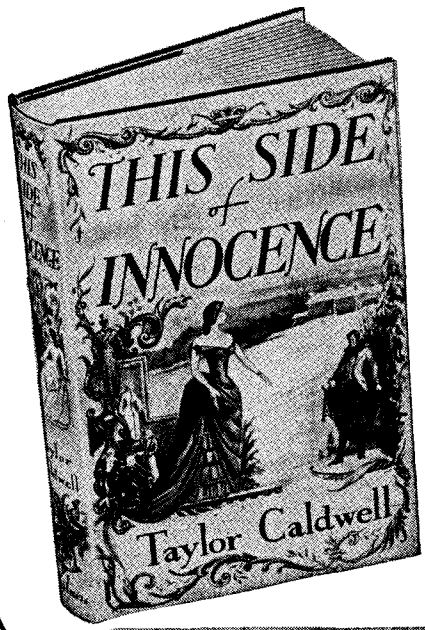

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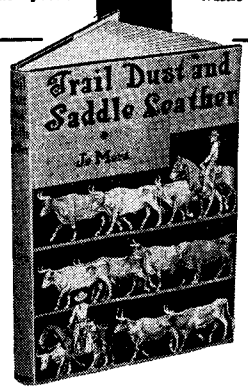

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HEARING THINGS

LIGHT MUSIC

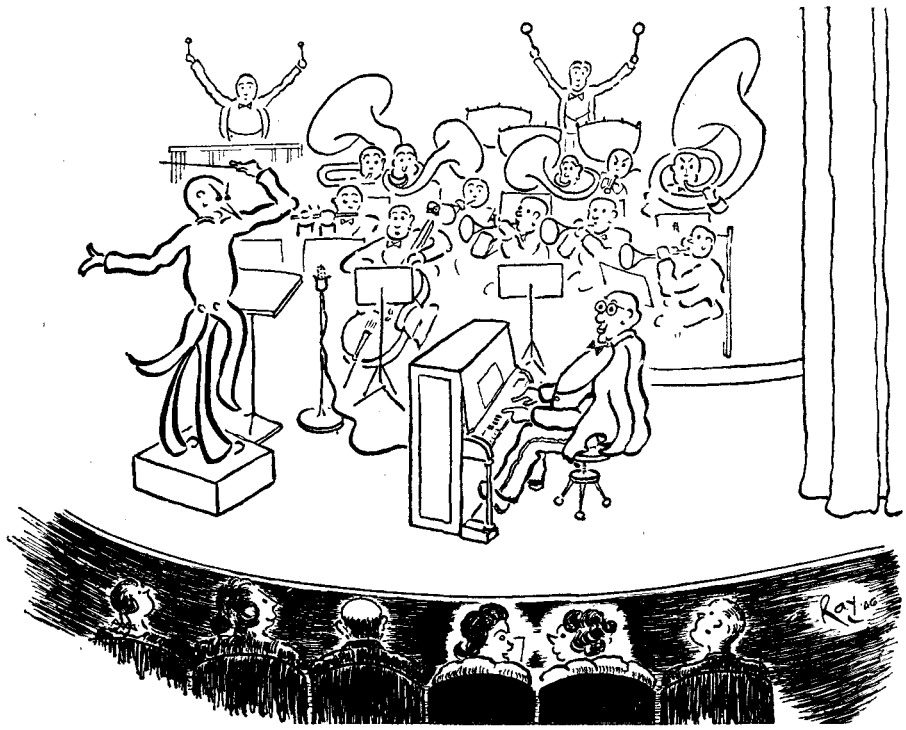
TURNING the dial in search of a network that would broadcast the President's address to Congress, I went through the experience so familiar to all of us: as the various stations pass, the ear is hit by music which is positively nauseating. Here a female baritone's rasping voice croaks off pitch, there a male falsetto croons without a semblance of rhythm, a sickly trumpet ties your viscera into knots with its oversharp intonation, a saxophone bleats like a drunken Alpine yodeler, or a violin plays a saccharine tune with a vibrato that must register on Father Lynch's seismograph.

It is very hard to believe that such musical obscenities constitute an answer to the American public's artistic demands, but the broadcasters, advertising agencies, and sponsors seem to be convinced that this is the fare the public as a whole prefers, hence the dearth of decent musical programs on the air. In their business-like and thorough manner, broadcasters and publishers have established a grading system according to which there are "classics," "semi-classics," and "light music." Needless to say, these terms are absolutely meaningless, for the classics may include anything from the B minor Mass to the "Poet and Peasant" overture, while the Lord (and perhaps ASCAP) only knows what is in the second group. What we are interested in right now is the third category, which supplies most radio music.

Just what is "light music" properly? If we want to answer the question we must make a sharp distinction and leave out much of radio music as well as the grandiose orchestral murals that introduce moving pictures and accompany the previews; this music does not rightly come under the most liberal interpretation of the meaning of "light music"; it is rather like gumdrops, manufactured from unknown and questionable ingredients with artificial color added. It is a pity indeed that this miserable species of music is carelessly lumped together with light music, for the existence of which there is valid reason.

The most characteristic feature of light music is its outward form, which is a pattern filled out partly by derivatives of folk music, partly by such elements of higher art music as have become commonplace cliches. Since the content of this music represents moods that are in the public domain, the elements of music are ranged in it in a completely circumscribed manner. Originality in light music cannot rise to the originality of form; it can only offer a new combination of the already known. Even the most successful piece of this sort treads on the worn paths of form and harmony, at most emphasizing and sharpening something that is already public property. Any sort of independent part-writing is avoided by light music, it is merely a tune with a more or less makeshift accompaniment. Its melody and harmony use the most commonplace turns of "serious music" of a generation or two ago, arrived at by a process of distillation in which the distillate is thrown away and the dregs retained. Its accompaniment—*i.e.*, harmonic structure—is characterized by a stereotyped chordal system utilizing the simplest harmonic combinations in use thirty or forty years ago in serious music. Its rhythm is mostly determined by the dance music currently in vogue, and since it is not an inner rhythm but an external one, much of this music follows the purely schematic instrumental layout of marches, dances, and other motion patterns. If there are lyrics, they are often adjusted to the music in a haphazard manner, violating the elements of natural prosody.

The audience for light music is for the most part an international type. Similarly the music itself is international in character. It is not its intrinsic worth that makes such music international, but that trait which causes even the national elements to be sucked up in the generality of form and expression. It becomes apparent, then, that there is a strong resemblance between light music and what is known as "commercial art," for commercial art too stems from external impulses, its aim being purely utilitarian and functional, and it too borrows from "serious" art such elements as can be abstracted for practical purposes. One would expect the public for light music to come exclusively from those to whom art, the serious intentions of the artist, and the divination that every great work of art raises in receptive souls, are totally foreign. But it is not so, for there is a large number of people who hail from cultivated circles, even counting among them the literary and professional elite, who derive great enjoyment from it. These are the musically untutored who like the sheer sensuousness of musical sound, and are willing to take it in the simplest serving. This public wants a musical entertainment which will captivate its senses without requiring active mental-spiritual coöperation.



"Now comes the loud part during which they let Mr. Yuley, the sponsor, play chop-sticks."

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Just as their purchases are regulated by the store windows and advertisements, in their musical enjoyment they are not the initiators; they wait for something to be offered to them. It is for this reason that light music must be like a good ad on the back page of a magazine; it must be loud, its orchestration garish, its melody obvious, or else tearfully sentimental in faded pastel colors.

Among the musicians who are the purveyors of this kind of entertainment there are two main types. One is likable and sincere, the other a mere manufacturer of cheap bazaar stuff. In the first instance we are dealing with a light-blooded artist who likes easy merriment, who sees life in the light of a limited material world and sensuous pleasure. He is like a child whose main pleasure is good food and simple amusement; he is full of healthy melody and rhythm, and is happy if this horn of plenty can be exchanged for shiny gold coins. These are the friendly apostles of the trinity of wine, women, and song, whom the world sees only with a smile on their faces: Johann Strauss, or Sullivan, or Kern. Theirs is an excellent talent, and in their own sphere they produce first-rate things, and are able to create—within the well-defined boundaries of light music—thoroughly enjoyable works. They are perfect because in them the quality of creative mood corresponds exactly to the ability to shape the artistic matter, and every type of artistic perfection offers enjoyment that has a universal social validity. It

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Bayly: Isle of Beauty.
2. Francis Bourdillon: The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.
3. Browning: My Last Duchess.
4. Burns: My Heart's in the Highlands.
5. Byron: Maid of Athens.
6. Henry Carey: Sally in Our Alley.
7. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner.
8. Louisa Crawford: Kathleen Mavourneen.
9. Goldsmith: Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.
10. Housman: When I Was Young and Twenty.
11. Keats: Ode to a Nightingale.
12. Longfellow: A Psalm of Life.
13. Moore: The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls.
14. Poe: Ulalume.
15. Shelley: Indian Serenade.
16. Samuel Smith: America.
17. Sir Philip Sidney: Astrophel and Stella.
18. Suckling: I Prithee Send Me Back My Heart.
19. Tennyson: Galahad.
20. Wordsworth: My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold.

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PRESENTS

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A HISTORY AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

By Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn F. Ulrich

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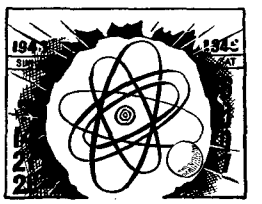

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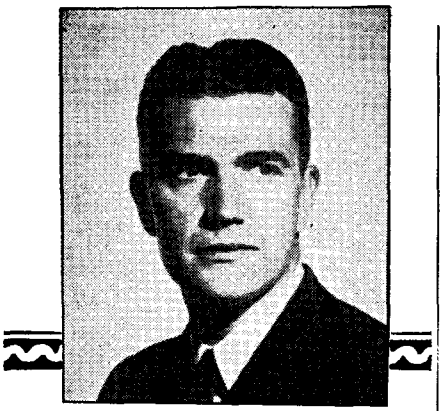

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is true, of course, that those with highly developed tastes have to lower themselves temporarily, just as they do when they read a good detective story. But while it lasts their enjoyment is genuine.

The other type, represented by the composer of "continuity and background music" for the radio and the screen, is devoid of all true ingenuousness and love of life. As far as his mood is concerned it does not make any difference whether he is a horse trader or a composer. He knows exactly what is needed and delivers the merchandise to the jobber on time and in the desired quantity. He pollutes musical taste, and his influence is especially vicious on the young, whose future receptivity to art is placed in jeopardy.

It is very difficult to draw an exact line between light and serious music, again excluding, of course, the obvious trash. Passion and artistic will are missing in light music, but these would not afford a workable criterion; the distinction is too complicated. Sociologically and psychologically the domain of light music begins where the audience does not seek artistic experience but purely a pastime. Yet this is not a wholly satisfactory marker either, for we cannot place stakes between artistic entertainment and noble artistic experience. Perhaps it should be so. Serious music and light music meet in a vast borderland which they frequently cross. Finely wrought operettas are very close to bona fide opera; their composers are often able and serious musicians whose work is much more genuinely artistic than many a grave music drama or ponderous symphony. Still, while the boundaries are happily elastic enough, there is no room within their limits for what we might call, to remain consistent with the nomenclature, "semi-light" music. Perhaps some day the men who preside over the destinies of the radio and moving pictures will realize that those industries have a certain responsibility that goes beyond watching out for naughty words in the script and bare midriffs on the screen.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FIVE PASSENGERS FROM LISBON *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random House: $2)	Portugese naval officer, seaman, and pro-Nazi Frenchman die on or near U. S. hospital ship. Ambulatory colonel supplies solution.	Typical Eberhart combination of crime and romance, with ample action and much tense emotion.	Standard brand
HEADMAN'S HOLIDAY *Dean Hawkins* (Mystery House: $2)	Triple decapitation in Southern town leads Pharaoh Pharr to Florida Keys for solution.	Satisfactorily gory beginning and interesting finish. What comes between is deductively logical but very dull.	Fair
THE TROUBLE AT TURKEY HILL *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders begin on Penberthy Island with return of war heroes. Selectman Macomber and spinster assistant are kept busy.	Insular enmities provide plenty of action, and acid humor—although these New England mysteries all sound, and read, alike.	Readable
DEATH STOPS THE SHOW *Lloyd S. Thompson* (Crown: $2.)	Hollywood producer dies mysteriously during premiere of super film. Newspaper man and Bach-playing detective handle matters effectively.	Lively melange of movie-madness and Fascist propagandists, capably handled—on the fantastic side.	Pretty good
TWO-FACED MURDER *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2)	Vanished faculty wife turns up strangled. Prof. Ponsonby investigates group of suspects and lands clever killer.	Undercover goings-on in university town pungently portrayed. Ponsonby is believable and story has plenty of plot and paprika.	Exhila-ating
THE PANIC-STRICKEN *Mitchell Wilson* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Ned Lake, sinister Mr. Gabriel and N. Y. society girl go on wild cruise with dope and murder.	Nastiness on vasty deep handled with author's customary flair for suspense, chilling action, and spine-tickling situations.	Thriller

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T.B.'s as Dramatis Personae

NO WIND OF HEALING. By Dorothy Palmer Hines. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 250 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE HUTTER

IN this novel Miss Hines transports us to Saranac Lake, where the winters are long and the cure crawls slowly through season after season. Not everyone in Saranac is tubercular—there are healthy natives, doctors, tourists who pass through, but we see little of them. Miss Hines is interested mainly in the patients and the effect of their disease upon them. She is not satisfied, however, with letting only the problem of the disease influence her characters. Most of them have entered their stricken condition already shocked by life. Her heroine, Christina, lost her baby before she became ill. Among her group of friends, Fran Bourke smarts under the patronizing attitude of his pompous, older brother, Neal, who was always "mother's favorite," and Lisa is a widow whose pilot husband was killed in a crash during the first years of the war. Very typically, this shock, coming during her cure, has kept her rooted to Saranac, where she gives painting lessons and finds solace in the attentions of younger men, psychological reminders of the husband she has lost.

Miss Hines, therefore, has set herself the assignment of also portraying emotional problems which can beset any of us, sick or healthy. This approach should have made for a very rewarding book. That it has not done so is due to the fact that Miss Hines has been unfortunate in her choice of main characters and has dealt with their problems too superficially.

Her heroine is a very ordinary girl. However faithfully drawn, she fails to hold your interest. Her husband, James, is a shadow. His conflict to win back his young wife from the power which all such places as Saranac have over the chronically ill is very briefly touched upon and fails to move. Miss Hines does better with her struggling writer, Fran Bourke, who drinks his way through the cure, and with Annette, the French-Canadian tray girl at the cottage where Fran lives. She is one of the few characters in the book whom the disease has never touched, and she stands out quite radiantly in her glowing health and vital love for Fran, whom she finally succeeds in influencing to a creative way of life. Minor characters such as Benjie, who stays on at Saranac because he loves Lisa; Gerry, the dying Powers model, who harries the insignificant husband she would never have married but for her illness; Holly, widow of a doctor, who has turned her cottage into a home for such transients as Christina, are too sketchily drawn really to live. Yet one feels that any one of them might have proved far more interesting a central figure than Christina, whose story we follow during the last year of her cure.

Miss Hines ignores the milieu of the large sanatoriums. Christina lives in Holly's cottage. Exile and the stigma of tuberculosis have taught her to doubt her fascination as a woman, and her husband's brief visits fail to give her encouragement. He does not belong to her new world. To regain a sense of assurance, she succumbs for a brief unsatisfactory moment—to the love-making of a shadowy man in *Esquire* clothes called Van. This incident, although it causes her much anguish at the time and results in a physical relapse, does not prevent Christina from "finding" James even before she gets home—in the sleeper of the Adirondacks express. I cannot help thinking that if the ties to Saranac were so easily overcome, the psychological problem attached to this and any other lengthy illness would be very small indeed. Unfortunately this is not true, and at a time when the return to a normal, healthy life for those who have been chronic invalids has become an almost nation-wide problem, the book's glib solution is a little shocking.

At times the dialogue is distressingly poor. Her descriptions of scenery, however, are beautiful. The countryside and village come to life. Sometimes she makes one see with startling clarity the quite unimportant motions of her characters—Christina waking on a cold winter's morning, Annette pulling off her sweater over her head, Van changing records on an old gramophone. Such moments make one regret that Miss Hines failed to give her characters more depth. Her main personalities are uncomplex and they remain so. The "little bottles of bright-colored nail enamels" and the latest best seller are never exchanged for anything more absorbing, the problems exposed are as stereotyped as if her characters had never been thrown on their own mental resources—perhaps the only good ever accomplished by this tedious illness. And that is the weakness of Miss Hines's story.

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As late as 1753 so staid a work as John Wesley's *The Complete English Dictionary* addressed the reader ingenuously: "As incredible as it may appear, I must avow, that this dictionary is not published to get money, but to assist persons of common sense and no learning, to understand the best English authors. . . . I add, that this little dictionary is not only the shortest and the cheapest, but likewise, by many degrees, the most correct which is extant at this day. Many are the mistakes in all other English dictionaries which I have not seen. Whereas I can truly say, I know of none in this . . . for if I had, I should have not left it there."

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A BEGINNING FOR SANITY

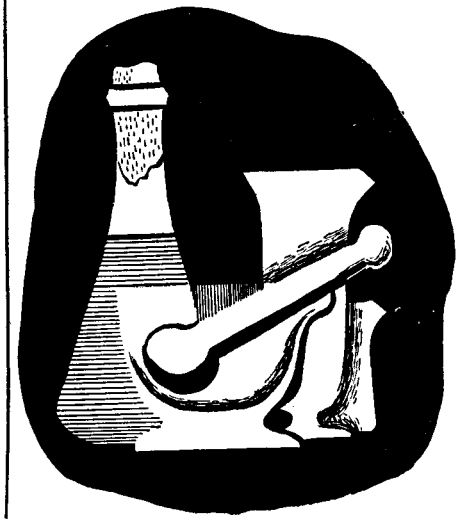
(*Continued from page 9*)

the next war would mean to the United States. It makes the categorical assumption that there can be no military defense against atomic weapons. It asks Americans to recognize that our monopoly in atomic bombs will be short-lived, that within a very few years we can expect nuclear fission to figure in the armaments of almost all other major nations. It emphasizes the disadvantage of the United States with regard to a surprise attack. It sees no prospect of security against atomic warfare in a system based on international agreements relying on inspection and "similar police-like methods." It has little hope in outlawing the bomb by voluntary methods; this would place an "enormous pressure upon national good faith." It warns of the dangers of "national rivalries in the development of atomic energy readily convertible to destructive purposes."

The hard-hitting conclusion is that atomic energy is too dangerous a force to be owned, operated, or developed by any sovereign nation.

This leads automatically to the next conclusion: atomic energy must be internationalized. But what type of internationalization? The United Nations? If so, do the United Nations have the necessary structural powers? What about nations which are outside the UN? If not, to what agency would any system of control be responsible?

All these questions were further complicated by several conditions which the consultants were apparently directed to take into account. One such condition was that the State Department was anxious to assure Congress that any plan of international control, should it fail, would still enable the United States to retain its "relatively secure position,



compared to any other nation." Another such condition, specified in Mr. Acheson's introductory letter of transmittal, was that the United States would still be allowed to manufacture its atomic bombs after a plan of international control was put into operation, although "at some stage" such discontinuance would probably be required.

NOW these are of course impossible conditions. It is internationalization with a "but." It precludes any true internationalization of atomic energy or anything else. It might be possible to meet these conditions in such a way as to provide the appearance of internationalization, but the substance would be that of a most-favored-nation treaty—for the United States. All the nations in the world would be asked to surrender their sovereignty in the mining, processing, and manufacture of fissionable materials, but the United States would still be permitted to stockpile its own atomic bombs. Appealing and reassuring as this may sound in the Senate of the United States, it is as myopic as it is impracticable. Are we to suppose that other nations would ever agree to such conditions? Or that, if they did agree, that they would not do everything possible to give themselves the same advantage that we feel our own national interests demand? It seems clear that any plan of control validating such conditions would be no more than a thin facade behind which all the old struggles for power—in today's terms, atomic power—would move inexorably to a climax.

Such conditions mean that this government, after two world wars, is still holding back on any measures of word organization with any real starch or workability. We are still unwilling to take the plunge, still unwilling to recognize that the central organization must be stronger than any of its members, still unwilling to back up our professions of international collaboration with the necessary authority.

The Lilienthal Report is obedient in that it does not specifically set aside the two conditions, yet the consultants do a very neat job of dramatizing the utter absurdity of allowing a large area of unilateralism to exist inside any world authority.

For it is a world authority that the consultants propose—a world Atomic Development Authority with unquestioned jurisdiction and power over

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world supplies and stocks of uranium and thorium — the only raw materials which, so far as scientists now know or can envision for the reasonable future, can be used for the release of atomic energy.* The agency will have supreme authority over everything connected with fissionable materials—mining, manufacturing, inspecting, research, licensing, price-fixing, and sales.

Now all this is no small order. It calls for definite abrogation of sovereignty in the highly important area of atomic energy—all the way from research to distribution. The ADA would operate wherever uranium ores exist; it would be independent of the national authority of the nations in which its mining operations, laboratories, and development plants are located. It would enjoy a supranational status, which, presumably, would also apply to its scientists, engineers, and other personnel. ADA would undertake extensive research and development of its own atomic weapons, just in case something goes wrong, or, at least, it would stay ahead of secret research in atomic explosives by any nation which managed to escape the inspection and control schemes set up as part of the ADA.

For the authority would not depend on its monopoly alone as a means of ensuring security against illegal development of atomic weapons. Regular inspection would be carried out in all plants, national or private, using fissionable materials under licenses from the Authority. Licenses would be granted for certain operations defined as "safe." Important distinctions are made at this point between safe and dangerous activities. The mining and refining of uranium and thorium are original and dangerous activities; and the ADA would have a complete monopoly in this area. Producing and separating uranium 235 and plutonium—advanced steps in nuclear physics not too far removed from the bomb—are original and dangerous activities, and the ADA would extend its monopoly to these operations as well. Research for destructive uses of atomic energy is a dangerous activity, and would be under monopoly. But there are important, constructive uses to which atomic energy may be put, and the consultants propose "safe" ways in which this may be carried out.

The central idea here is to make available to authorized buyers—nations or individuals—fissionable materials after they are "denatured"—that is, rendered largely unusable for explosives. Denaturing, technically, involves the "dilution" of pure fissionable isotopes, after production, with other isotopes to make them useless for military purposes without destroying their usefulness for power engines.

A number of atomic scientists have criticized this section of the Report, stating that it gave rather more weight to the efficacy of denaturing than was warranted. They point out that even denatured fissionable materials can be reprocessed for military use, even though denaturing may have some delay and nuisance value.

IT may be that the central issue here is one of semantics rather than of science. While it would be possible to point to specific statements in the Report leaning rather heavily on the possibilities of denaturing, it would also be possible to point to other passages clearly indicating that the consultants saw denaturing as an important but not exclusive prop in the control plan. There is, however, considerable reliance on the time it would take to build plants capable of removing the denaturants, especially as the process involves major installations which might be difficult to conceal.

Apart from the question of "denaturing," the fact remains that the Authority would make available—at a price—fissionable materials to private and public agencies. The hope here is that the fabulous benefits which are crying to be developed and released—not only virtually inexhaustible sources of energy and power which can raise the standard of living, but raw materials to attack disease and even old age—the hope here is that a way has been found to do this on a world scale.

These are the main features of the Report. Bearing in mind that it was put forward as a basis of discussion, we would urge those who read it neither to accept nor to reject it in toto. Its very value, it seems to us, is that it raises many more questions than it can answer—or was in a position to answer. It enables the American people to discuss the problem with a better knowledge of the facts and with a better understanding of the perils and possibilities of atomic energy than they have so far been afforded in any of the information supplied by the government. It opens the door on what can and should be the most fascinating and portentous debate and discussion in American history. If it did nothing more than to put an end to the protracted and futile discussion over "secrecy"—fu-

*While uranium can be used independently in the production of fissionable materials, thorium can only be used in combination with uranium.

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tile since the real issue is not whether we should give anything away, but how long it will take other nations to develop it for themselves before world controls are set up—if it did nothing more than this, it would be a signal accomplishment. It at once moves the problem up to a world, rather than a national, level.

Certainly the Report has flaws. We fail to see how a world authority could have the power called for in the field of atomic energy without a world organization having supra-national powers. We fail to see how it would be possible to operate what is in effect an agency of world government without a world government to back it up. We fail to see how sovereignty could be abrogated in one area, however critical, while all the other areas continued to operate under the old and incendiary sovereignties. We fail to see how it would be possible to separate the control of atomic energy from the control of war. We fail to see how it would be possible to set up yardsticks by which fissionable materials could be distributed equitably—in a world of grasping and competitive sovereignties. Would nations without uranium ores have purchasing rights under the plan?

By inference, at least, the Report itself admits these flaws. But its job was strictly limited to the question of atomic energy; and it perhaps had a right to take for granted that an adequate world organization would be developed out of the United Nations. What, otherwise, would be the source of authority? To what source would nations or individuals appeal for legitimate redress? Suppose one nation or coalition of nations walked out of the plan—for good or bad reasons? What action would be taken? Under what laws? In short, could or should the plan be operative without the machinery of justice and the power of justice?

The Report virtually admits, too, that the plan could not prevent an atomic war. The impression is clear that if a war broke out, individual nations would seize the ADA installations and facilities, which, together with its own plants working with denatured fissionable materials, could be used as the basis for an all-out production effort. So that within a number of months atomic weapons might be in general use. But here, too, it must be remembered that the committee was given no authority to set up a world organization that could keep the peace.

In connection with this, however, Mr. Lilienthal has pointed out that the plan could be effective in reducing the chances of surprise attack—the biggest single threat and dread of atomic warfare. There is a definite relationship, he adds, between reducing the chances of surprise attack and reducing the chances of war, since the fear of surprise attack in an atomic armaments race might in itself be sufficient to bring on the next war.

DESPITE all flaws, and despite conditions of unilateralism favoring the United States which the committee had to take into account, we believe it of the utmost importance that the Report be used as the basis for immediate discussion and action by this country. It provides a valid occasion for the United States to propose amendments to the United Nations Charter setting up the world atomic authority. Of even greater significance, it puts the challenge squarely up to the Administration to propose amendments to strengthen the UN itself to whatever degree is needed to make the ADA operable.

But if the ADA is set up without respect to basic and dangerous weaknesses within the structure of UN, then one of two things may happen as soon as people discover the absurdity of marking out atomic energy alone for control in a world which has the right to develop other methods of warfare perhaps even more destructive—such as the diffusion of plague germs against which there may be no immunization defenses; and as soon as people discover that the ADA must rise or fall with the organization behind it. One thing that might happen would be a surging popular demand for immediate and sweeping changes in UN to make it equal to the job before it. The only other thing that could happen would be that the ADA, and the UN along with it, or rather behind it, would collapse in the most grotesque and tragic failure in history.

The most practicable way to avoid such a failure, and failure in this case is synonymous with war, is to work with fundamentals *now*, to dig right in and do the spade work *now*, to take on the seemingly impossible job of converting the United Nations into an organization invested with whatever power is necessary to keep the peace, *now*. And the best way to begin is by being sure that we, the American people, are willing to make the first proposals for a real pooling of sovereignty.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Balance Realism	*Surface*	
MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE, vol. II Our American Heritage. (Jefferson 1st Inaug. etc.) (*See Col. cat.*) Wesley Addy. Columbia E 6 (6 10″) $5.25	Fidelity not too good. Voice occasionally slightly fuzzy. Easily intelligible.	A—	Good readings of famous American documents—some that were not intended for the spoken voice. Wesley Addy is mildly oratorical.
BIBLE READINGS, in coll. BBC Religious Advisory Com. (Anon. reader.) Linguaphone (5 10″.) (*Linguaphone Inst. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.*)	Low level speaking, close to mike. Blasts at times.	C	Religious-type reading; sounds like a British clergyman. (It was recorded in England.) Beautiful enunciation, ponderously British.
LINCOLN, GETTYSBURG ADDRESS. Raymond Massey (also 2nd Inaug.) Linguaphone (1 10″).	Recording somewhat dead, but good realism.	C	Massey "acts" Lincoln himself with homespun drawl; Laughton gives straight documentary reading—British accent, no imitation of Lincoln's voice. Both are good: interesting comparison of reading techniques. (Teachers take note.)
Same: Charles Laughton. Columbia S271M (1 10″)	Very close — almost whispered. Usual Laughton style.	A—	
PAINE, THE CRISIS. Paul Muni. Victor 10-1006 (1 10″)	Occasional blasting.	B+ crackles	Slow delivery, not too formal. Bit on the quaint side.
SHAKESPEARE, HENRY V, King Henry's speech Act 4, Sc. 3; MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM exc. John Gielgud. Linguaphone (1 12″)	Excellent realism—by far the best of Linguaphone recordings.	B—	Clear and dramatic, excellent presentation of Shakespeare in recorded medium. (Cf. L. Olivier in film version now current.)
IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION. (Jefferson 1st Inaug. Lincoln, 2nd Inaug. Wilson, Peace Conf. 1918, FDR, War Addr. 1942) Orson Welles. Decca #394 (3) $3.50.	Close to mike, somewhat in Laughton manner (above).	B	Like Massey, Welles acts these speeches, with hypothetical Jefferson, realistic Wilson and FDR. Well read, but over stylized, portentous.
MILLER, WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER. Lynn Fontanne. Victor M 775 (3) $3.75.	Unobtrusive musical and sound effects background; kept very low. Voice clearly recorded.	B+	Rhymed prose, expertly read in highly effective casual manner. Story is absorbing, and continuity of interest first rate. Faint background effects in excellent taste.

DOCUMENTARY READINGS ON RECORDS

NONE of the above recordings of some of the world's most famous lines is spoken by the author. All are interpretations, some bringing to life past speeches, others the spoken interpretation of words that were intended for the eye alone. The value of this type of documentary on records is an interesting question, involving as it does both acting, or recreating of character, and the simple conveyance of intelligence via the spoken medium. How should one read the Declaration of Independence? The Gettysburg Address? A speech of Roosevelt's? Paine's "The Crisis"? Varying interpretations are exemplified above in the Gettysburg Address—Massey *acting* the part of Lincoln himself, Laughton reading the words objectively without any attempt to impersonate Lincoln. Orson Welles mimics both Wilson and FDR, and manufactures a hypothetical Jefferson. Would it not have been better to read FDR "straight," minus impersonation? These questions should be stimulating ones for class-room argument in a number of fields. Where is the dividing line between good acting and good speaking?

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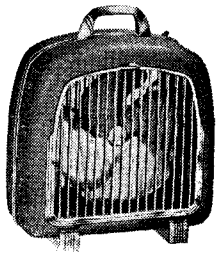

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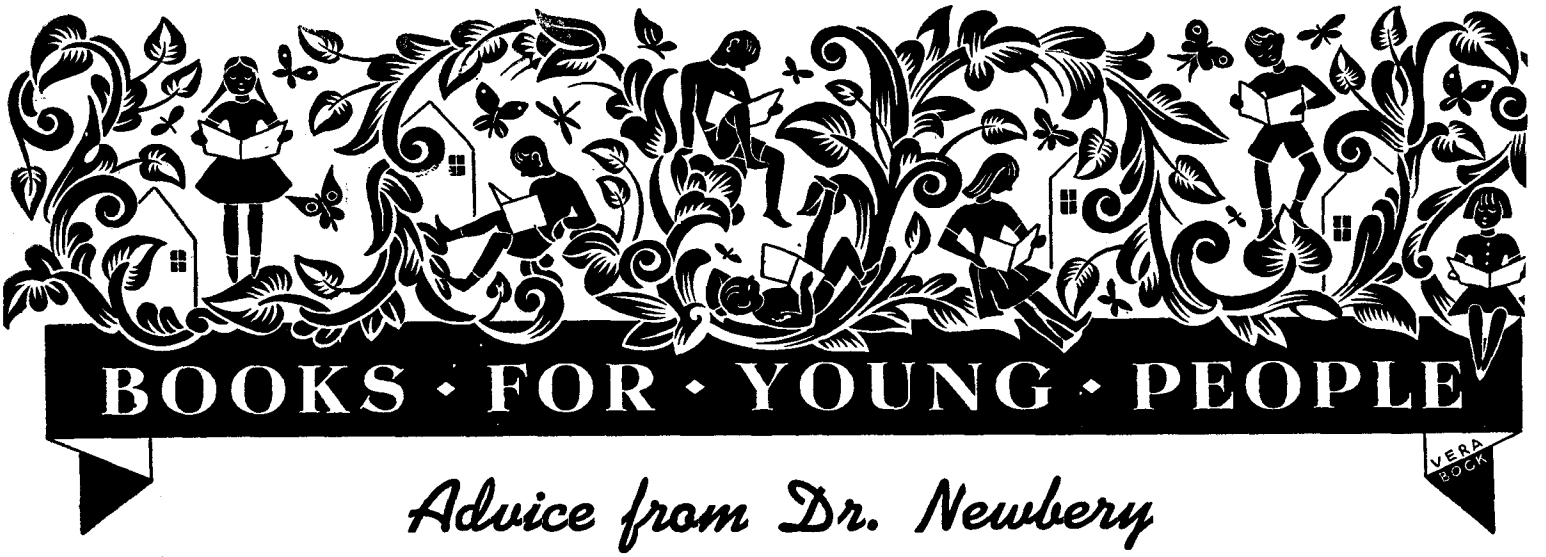

Advice from Dr. Newbery

WHEN Dr. John Newbery from his bookshop in St. Paul's Churchyard in eighteenth century London provided the children with "The Little Pretty Pocket Book," he showed a wisdom that can hardly be equaled by the most brilliant of modern psychologists. In one very small volume, bound in "flowery and gilt" Dutch paper and illustrated with tiny, expressive woodcuts, he gave them something to read, something to do, and something to learn —poems, games, riddles, proverbs, precepts, a letter to Jack the Giant-killer, and a story or two. He combined entertainment with information —a blend that appeals strongly to boys and girls of the twentieth century. Nearly one hundred years before Dr. Newbery, Johann Comenius, in what was then Bohemia, had published the first illustrated book for the very young. He announced that his object was to "entice witty children" and to "remove scarecrows from wisdom's garden." Since the days of these two wise and far-seeing gentlemen, the world of children's books has gone through the sugar-coated information stage and emerged into the sunlight of facts presented honestly and attractively by experts who possess special knowledge. There is today no lack of books that "remove scarecrows from wisdom's garden."

Summer is almost here. The long vacation days lie ahead. In both city and country there will be hours when the rain falls or the sun is too hot for strenuous outdoor games. It is a good idea to take the advice of Dr. Newbery and seek now books that will give the children something to do, something to learn, and—most important of all—something good to read. Not always a new book, because the older ones are often more worth while. Give them the old ones in a new dress, if you like the new dress better or the old one is out of print. Give them new books, too, because children, like adults, are interested in the latest thing. Give them games and riddles and music and books that develop their particular talents or hobbies. Give them books about the wonders of earth and sea and sky. There are many books to choose from. Herewith are just a few that have appeared in the spring of 1946.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

The Five J's

THE MITTY CHILDREN FIX THINGS. Story and Pictures by Nura. New York: American Studio Books. 1946. 38 *pp.* $2.50.

WHEN ladies of almost any age —and gentlemen, too—have once read the first paragraph of this big, beautiful picture book they will almost inevitably go on to the end. It says: "When Mr. Worthington Mitty asked her to marry him he looked at her rosy face, her crisp dress and her sleek hair. Then he said, 'My tidy love, do you think you could be happy with me always?' 'I'm sure I could, dear Worthington,' blushed Mrs. Mitty, bowing her pretty head. So that is how it happened they got married and had five children."

The five children—Janie and Jimmy and John and Jo and Jinx, plus Jasper, the dog—were very good and very happy except when Cousin Arabella came to stay with them. The Mittys had very little money and Cousin Arabella had a great deal, so Mrs. Mitty felt obliged to ask her to visit them. Cousin Arabella fussed and scolded and bossed and corrected, and finally something rather dreadful began to happen. Every time Cousin Arabella corrected one of the children Mrs. Mitty's neat hair fell down. There were hairpins all over the place. It maddened Cousin Arabella. She stood it for a while. Then she packed her bags and left—in a taxi. It was peaceful without her, but when Friday night came Mrs. Mitty's housekeeping purse was completely empty.

Something had to be done. So the Mitty children did something. What they did is too long to tell here. It is a pity, too, to tell it without the pictures—which are enchanting. In the end Cousin Arabella not only comes back, but she brings with her an airplane which she has learned to control herself. She also brings a lovely pastel-colored parachute for each one of the Mittys. We see them at the end gently and gracefully descending in their parachutes, the little Mittys first and, above them in the margin of the picture, the slim, neat feet and legs of Mrs. Mitty. It is a perfect ending to a good story. Only Nura could have written it and drawn the enchanting pictures.

M.G.D.

Pudgy and Charles

THE WILY WOODCHUCKS. By Georgia Travers. Illustrated by Flavia Gag. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

"ALL the little wild things in the vicinity knew that no one who lived in this house had ever hurt a single living thing, for it belonged to a most tender-hearted family."

The family named the two woodchucks Pudgy and Charles and tried its best to include them in the good will that they felt toward all small creatures. But Pudgy and Charles were definitely bad. They *would* eat the vegetables in the garden, especially the very young and tender vegetables. It was a very special garden, because it not only fed the family; it served as a model to an artist who loved to make pictures of gardens. Everything that human ingenuity could suggest was done to keep Pudgy and Charles out of the garden —and still the wily woodchucks came in and ate the green things. "Their coats were stuffed to bursting and still they kept on eating the tomatoes,

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the ears of corn, the squashes and the musk melons.... They were really grossly greedy and roundly unreasonable." It was a fat and merry summer for Charles and Pudgy.

Then fall came and what harvest the wily woodchucks had left was gathered in. "Maybe they won't come back next year," said the family. All winter long Pudgy and Charles slumbered peacefully. Spring came. Then Howard, the oldest brother, arrived to look over the house and the garden. There were the withered cornstalks, there was the old path that led to the vegetables. And coming along the path in a proud, confident procession were Pudgy, Charles, and five plump baby woodchucks.

M.G.D.

Teacher to Editor

ALONG JANET'S ROAD. By Alice Dalgliesh. Decorations by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE is a satisfying quality about this sequel to "The Silver Pencil." It can be read for itself alone, but it has greater value as a record of Janet Laidlaw's development—as a writer and editor and as a woman. At the close of this book we leave her secure in her work, happy in the culmination of her love story, rich in her friendships and sure of her part in the American scene. It was not altogether easy for her to leave the teaching that she loved to become editor of children's books with an old and well established firm. A writer herself, she knew a writer's problems. She had to learn that a publisher has problems, too. Her first day in the office is an amusing succession of situations, some very funny, some difficult, all a test of her poise and judgment. The honesty and courage that stood her in good stead in the early years help her through these trying first weeks. Budge, one of the two girls who live with her in the apartment on Morningside Heights, writes and illustrates her first book and Janet sees it through the editorial office and through the press. Here is an excellent picture of the making of a children's book. Janet's first conference with the salesmen, her effort to keep the balance between the books that she longs to publish and the books that she knows the public will buy, is obviously an actual experience, honestly and vividly told.

Her personal life, too, has its ups and downs. Budge and Ellen marry —Budge, the doctor, whose little daughter, Patsy, is one of the outstanding characters in the book. David, Janet's nephew, comes from Trinidad to have a serious operation on his eyes. Ellen's first baby is born. Finally Janet sells the house at Sandy Cove and buys an old farmhouse in Connecticut. On the hill above it is a great barn that has been fitted up as a guest house, and there are four acres of good New England land. The story ends there on Thanksgiving Day. Ellen and her husband and the baby, Budge the doctor, and little Paul and Patsy and David are all there. Then Perry, Janet's lover, comes back. There is no romantic scene between them. As she looks at Perry Janet knows, suddenly and surely, that he is the most important thing in her life. Perry tries to get her alone, but the little house is so filled with people that there are constant interruptions. Reading this homely, natural scene one is divided between irritation and laughter. The last of the unwelcome "interrupters" is Mrs. Snow, the cook. "There'll be lots of cold turkey," she remarks cheerfully. "What'll I do with it?" "Go and sit with it in the kitchen!" Perry answers fiercely.

Katherine Milhous has given the book dignity and beauty with her decorations.

M. G. D.

Miniature World

THE BIGGERTY CHAMELEON. By Edith Pope. Pictures by Dorothy Grider. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

CHILDREN will be instantly attracted to this book because of the pictures. The color reproduction is exceptionally good. The small things that live in a garden and belong to the chameleon's world are given personality and humor. The bee that lingers in the trumpet of the morning glory, the ants that hurry in procession along the garden wall, the mocking bird that sings, "Agree! Agree!", the little green snake that crawls out into the sun to shed its skin, the grasshopper that hops away when Biggerty speaks to it, even the great gray cat that smiles at Biggerty, all have their place in the miniature world that the artist creates. Biggerty loses his tail in his adventure, but he gets a new one and, in the process, learns that it pays to be polite to one's neighbors. Any child who is inclined to fear chameleons or small green garter snakes will lose that fear when he meets Biggerty.

M.G.D.

—From "The Mitty Children Fix Things."

Adventure Story

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CONDOR. Written and illustrated by Clayton Knight. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 346 *pp.* $2.50.

FROM the peace of their Connecticut home the two Gregory boys and their archeologist father set out for Peru to bring back to a New York museum a famous Inca treasure—the Golden Condor. Misfortune had seemed to follow everyone connected with it. Not until they had seen their good friend, the owner of the Condor, in a hospital bed, badly wounded from a mysterious plane crash, and had found their own plans thwarted at every turn did they trace its source—Mort Faxon, the agent of some unscrupulous person or organization also determined to get the Golden Condor.

The boys, Pepe and Ronnie, enjoyed the trip to Peru and the strange things they met when they arrived. They were alert, enthusiastic boys who made the most of each experience. With the discovery of the loss of a letter from the owner requesting the delivery of the Condor to Gerald Gregory they found themselves in the midst of exciting adventures. More than once they barely escaped with their lives. Mort Faxon and his accomplices appeared at every turn to complicate and endanger their mission, but with the help of their friends, their own determination, and Pepe's skill in photography their quest was finally successful. Mort Faxon is a satisfactory villain.

This is an excellent, fast-moving adventure story. The characters are alive and colorful, and the background convincing. Mr. Knight has made the most of his knowledge of Peru. It is a bit disappointing not to learn what happened to the great, kind Negro Jim, or to know whether or not the appealing Juan Calello

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ever recovered. The main plot, however, is resolved to the reader's entire satisfaction.

The numerous drawings by the author not only illustrate the action but in addition help to interpret the locale.

RUTH A. HILL.

Dog and Doll

NOBODY'S DOLL. By Adele DeLeeuw. Illustrated by Anne Vaughan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 87 *pp.* $1.75.

WHEN a child is ready to move on from the usual early short stories to full-length tales this book will fill the need in a satisfying way.

Indeed, although it is a slim little volume, it has in it all the desired elements—characters who are original and interesting, a good plot, adventures and narrow escapes and—important to most children—pets who share their fortunes in real companionship. The heroine is an old-fashioned doll, resurrected, after long neglect, from an attic trunk. Her adventures reach a happy ending largely because the hero of the story, a small black Scotty, manages in the nick of time to rescue her from each mishap and carry her to safety. This "happy ending" is, of course, a home where she belongs to someone who really wants and appreciates her. The children will delight in the conversations between the doll and the dog. They have just the right atmosphere of gaiety and reality. Little girls, particularly, will like both the story and the drawings.

Marion C. Dodd.

Old Books to Read

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY OUTLAWS. By J. Walker McSpadden. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. With an Introduction by May Lamberton Becker. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 1946. 287 *pp.* $1.

BLACK BEAUTY: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HORSE. By Anna Sewell. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. With an Introduction by May Lamberton Becker. 315 *pp. The same.*

HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated by Hilda van Stockum. 335 *pp. The same.*

HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. 334 *pp. The same.*

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. By John Ruskin. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. 113 *pp. The same.*

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Alexander Dobkin. 143 *pp. The same.*

THE first six books in the Rainbow Classics are the forerunners of a new series of children's books presented by the World Publishing Company, eighteen of which will be published this Spring. Each has a good, brief introduction by May Lamberton Becker who is the editor of the series—an introduction that tells something of the author and of how the book came to be written.

—From "Nobody's Doll."

The format of the books is most attractive. Each one has obviously been considered as an entity with type and format in excellent conformity with the subject. There are end-papers in two colors and good-looking designs in color on the covers. Black Beauty gallops across bird-filled meadows in his book; there is a hint of the greenwood in the clear greens and browns on the cover of "Robin Hood"; birds and flowers adorn the cover of "A Child's Garden of Verses." The choice of illustrators, for these first six at least, has been fortunate. While the treatment may be quite different from accepted interpretations of the past, each artist's interest in the book he is illustrating and his sympathy with it are very evident. Great credit should certainly go to the designer, Ernst Reichl, and to the editor. Credit should go, in fact, to any other guiding spirit behind these attractive, unpretentious books. At one dollar each they are a remarkable value.

There are four full-page illustrations in color and numerous black and white drawings in each of these first six books. Louis Slobodkin's robust drawings for "Robin Hood" might not appeal to everyone, but they have a dash and humor that are original and refreshing. Wesley Dennis's love of horses is so evident in every line he has drawn for "Black Beauty" that his pictures become an actual part of the story. It would be difficult to find a more sympathetic interpreter for this well-loved story. Ever since her own delightful tale of Holland, "A Day on Skates," Hilda van Stockum has seemed exactly the right artist to illustrate "Hans Brinker." These drawings prove that she is. It is good to have this story in print again in such attractive form. Some of Leonard Weisgard's illustrations for "Heidi" are stunning. He has drawn human figures which are tiny in the magnificence of Alpine scenery, yet these little people are important and full of personality. They weave the pictures into the story of Heidi herself as well as into the background against which her story is played. There is humor and insight in them.

Not only is the classic fairy-tale quality present in Fritz Kredel's interpretation of "The King of the Golden River," but the rocks and mountains accent the feeling of mystery that is a part of the story. The caricature of the Black Brothers ridicules their wickedness and cruelty with much the same lightness of touch that Ruskin used in writing the text. There is a childlike quality in Alexander Dobkin's illustrations for "A Child's Garden of Verses." Some of the pictures may have even more

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meaning to children than to grown-ups. Though the children are dressed in modern snow-suits and one little girl wears overalls, the drawings have the same timelessness as the verses.

This movement to publish new editions of children's books at amazingly low prices is exciting, particularly when careful attention is given to illustrations and format.

R. A. H.

ARABIAN NIGHTS. Collected and Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Vera Bock. With a Foreword by Mary Gould Davis. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 1946. 303 *pp.* $2.

A new edition with new type and illustrations of the best of all the translations of these timeless tales.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By Kenneth Grahame. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Introduction by A. A. Milne. New York: The Heritage Press. 1946. 190 *pp.* $2.45.

The last drawings to be made by this English artist, these are in color opposite pages distinguished for their clear type and wide margins. One must give the children their choice between this and the Scribner edition illustrated by Ernest Shepard.

Things to Do

FUN WITH PUZZLES. By Joseph Leeming. Drawings by Jessie Robinson. Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 123 *pp.* $2.

This is an especially good book for a rainy day and for all ages. The answers to the various puzzles, from cards and anagrams to tricks with matches, are given in the last section.

BIRDS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM. By Amy Hogeboom. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 39 *pp.* $1.

Illustrated with photographs and line drawings, this shows a young artist how to draw nine different birds successfully.

ANIMALS FOR YOU TO MAKE. By Philip L. Martin. Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 85 *pp.* $2.

The New York boys and girls who saw the wooden animals made from this book in the window of Scribner's Bookstore will all want to own it. The drawings show exactly how to cut them out and paint them against their own native background. The resulting menagerie has humor and distinction.

KEEP SINGING, KEEP HUMMING: A Collection of Play and Story Songs. By Margaret Bradford. Accompaniments by Barbara Woodruff and Lucienne Bloch. New York: William R. Scott. 1946. 66 *pp.* $2.

Familiar and less known songs arranged for little children to sing, with drawings in color.

SING MOTHER GOOSE. Music by Opal Wheeler. Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 104 *pp.* $3.

The Mother Goose rhymes with simple music that is easy for the very young to sing. There is an illustration in full color for each one.

LET'S PLAY. Drawn by Nerman. Compiled by Edward Ernst. New York: Garden City Publishing Company. 1946. 91 *pp.* $.50.

A book of simple games and riddles for younger boys and girls. The answers are all given, and each riddle is illustrated in color.

—From "Along Janet's Road."

RIDDLES AROUND THE WORLD. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: The Pantheon Press. 1946. 48 *pp.* $2.

Riddles from America, Russia, England, France, China, Africa, and many other countries presented with drawings to represent words. The solution to all is given in an appendix. It is an amusing book and a particularly lovely one, with color-printing that is a joy to the eye. This will delight children of all ages.

Things to Learn

VOLCANOES NEW AND OLD. By Satis N. Coleman. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

The author of "Creative Music in the Home" tells the story of the inception and development of the Paricutin volcano in Mexico and of other famous volcanoes. Illustrated with well selected and well reproduced photographs, it is a dramatic as well as an authentic record for older boys and girls and for adults.

VOLCANO. By Tom Galt. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 102 *pp.* $2.

Another book about the Paricutin volcano told in story form for younger boys and girls. Drawings in black and white give a good sense of the Mexican background.

SOUTH AMERICAN ZOO. By Victor W. von Hagen. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jacques. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "Quetzal Quest" gives us an authentic record of the birds and animals of South America, from the Andes to Patagonia. The illustrations are as vivid and informing as the text.

THE PAPER INDUSTRY. By Josephine Perry. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 1946. 123 *pp.* $2.

A new volume in the "America at Work" series, this tells of the making of paper from various basic materials. A very important story just now, it is well told. Illustrated with photographs.

BASKETFUL: The Story of Our Foods. By Irmengarde Eberle. Illustrated by Marion R. Kohs. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 256 *pp.* $2.

Coming at exactly the right moment, this is an entertaining record of the foods that the people of America eat, of their origin and of the work and the planning that bring them eventually to our table. It covers practically the whole world. It is amazing to realize how far we go to get the things we take for granted.

THE HOW OF THE HELICOPTER. By Alfred H. Stevens, Jr. Illustrated by Ernest Stock. New York. Cornell Maritime Press. 1946. 58 *pp.* $2.

A lively and very timely story of the development of the helicopter, from the days of Leonardo da Vinci to today. Illustrated with drawings, it will fascinate air-minded boys and girls and will probably be appropriated by their elders.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN AVIATION. By Jim Ray. Illustrated by the author. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1946. 104 *pp.* $2.50.

Gill Rob Wilson calls this "an orderly and faithful guide to aviation." It is fairly technical. Illustrated in black and white and in color.

THE LAND RENEWED: The Story of Soil Conservation. By William R. Van Dersal and Edward H. Graham. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 110 *pp.* $2.

Two experts in the United States Department of Agriculture explain in clear and readable terms the principles of soil conservation in North America. A book that stimulates thought and charts a path to the future.

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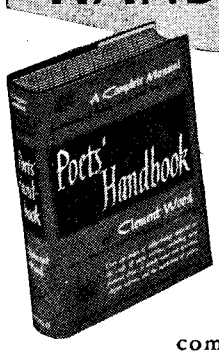

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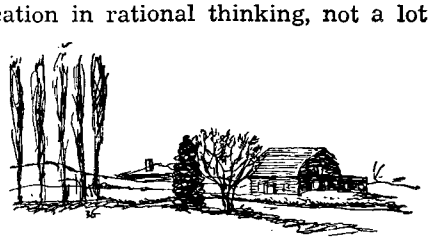
I HAVE pasted the *Times* obit on Joseph Medill Patterson into my copy of "A Little Brother of the Rich" (Chicago, 1908). I despise the politics of the *New York Daily News*. I regard it as one of the worst influences in American journalism. I do not admire the late J. M. Patterson for sticking to views that were wrong-headed in the extreme and for bringing all his weight to bear through publishing methods and editorial methods that are anathema to me. I prefer to think of that "Little Brother of the Rich" as he was in his twenties when he was elected on a reform ticket to the Illinois State Legislature in a day when books and inkstands flew about in the legislative chamber; as he was when he stumped Chicago for a mayoralty candidate that the *Chicago Tribune* bitterly opposed; when he became a Socialist the next year; when two years later he wrote the novel referred to, which is tripe as literature but a sinister picture of Chicago society. As for the tabloid he later founded, to debase the taste of the American public, and finally to espouse the cause of isolationism when the world was confronted by its greatest menace, the American people have made it the newspaper with the largest circulation in the country, and mainly those very people whose best interests it never had at heart. No American citizen is compelled to buy the *News;* but it is they who support it. Therefore, it is apparently what most of them want. Said Patterson, "It was founded on legs." Latterly "legs is no treat" to most of us, as they wave at us from many advertisements and are flaunted even in the independent tabloid *PM*. The United States has become a bawdy country, on the whole on the healthy side. Patterson exploited vulgarity, but, also, he did go and actually live among the bums on the Bowery. Hence, more than with most, there was some substance to his claim that he knew something about that odd creature "the man in the street." But the man in the street needs education in rational thinking, not a lot of trash and sensational muck. Patterson was a soldier and a fighter, and it is a colossal pity that he did not continue to fight on the better side. Instead he will go down in history, I believe, as a lesser Hearst.



* * *

By the time this is read the President's call for drastic labor legislation will have been subjected to wide comment throughout the country. Peculiarly enough, so rock-ribbed a Tory Republican as Robert Taft thinks that the legislation asked for is little too extreme. Amazing! The Republicans' best bet for the next Republican nomination for President, Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota, was unequivocal in his opinion against the totalitarian legislation for which the President asked. Senator Pepper of Florida (my favorite Senator) made a biting speech against it over the radio, in the midst of which he was peculiarly cut off, and then allowed to continue. But I prefer here to quote two paragraphs from the statement of Stassen, with which I agree:

> It grants powers more extreme than ever before granted to the Government of the United States in either time of war or peace. It includes the compulsory power to fix wages without the consent of management or labor, to confiscate profits, and to force involuntary servitude of labor. It would permit Government to break and destroy any management and business. It would permit Government to break and destroy any union. . . .
>
> It is not necessary legislation and will not in the long view correct the labor-management situation in the country. The present emergencies can be resolved by an intelligent use of present powers which are still on a wartime basis; and an essential new long-term labor policy, balanced, moderate, just and consistent with our basic principles should be enacted at an early date.

In a period of vengeful hysteria, that struck me as the voice of reason. *The New York Times* editorial opined that "there is in this country at this time a strong and widespread conviction that an earlier monopoly of unregulated capital, placing group interest above national interest, has now been succeeded by a monopoly of industrial labor, which carries similar possibilities of evil and likewise demands regulation." I remember the strong and undeviating stand of the editorials in the *Times*, for so many years past, against the "monopoly of

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unregulated capital, placing group interest above national interest."

When they speak of labor's indubitable present power I am reminded of a poem written years ago. The woman who wrote it is also a writer of pleasant popular novels and, so far as I know, an amiable conservative. But once, when she was young, she wrote a poem called "God and the Strong Ones," and if you want to know why labor has become the way it has, she tells you why. I think it is the strongest sociological poem written since Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "The Cry of the Children," and I put it in the anthology, "The Poetry of Freedom," because I felt that way. I'll quote you two stanzas here, the last two:

"They will trample us and bind!"
said the Strong Ones;
"We are crushed beneath the blackened feet and hands;
All the strong and fair and great they
will crush from out the state;
They will whelm it with the weight
of pressing sands—
They are maddened and are blind!"
said the Strong Ones;
"Black decay has come where they
have trod;
They will break the world in twain
if their hands are on the rein—"
"What is that to me?" saith God.

"Ye have made them in their strength,
who were Strong Ones,
Ye have only taught the blackness
ye have known:
These are evil men and blind?—Ay,
but molded to your mind!
How shall ye cry out against your
own?
Ye have held the light and beauty I
have given
Far above the muddied ways where
they must plod:
Ye have builded this your lord with
the lash and with the sword—
Reap what ye have sown!" saith
God.

Of course, I do not regard the American workingman as dangerous to our fair land. Margaret Widdemer used a certain amount of hyperbole to make her stanzas strike home. I think the American workingman is reasonable and hard-working, and deserves a lot better conditions under which to live, raise his family, and do his work. His unions have been his only defense against wilful and greedy exploitation on the part of his employers. But when management throughout the country power-lobbies for unchecked competition, the removal of all price-controls, and unbridled inflation, I think that "in this country at this time there is a strong and wide-spread conviction" that the power of monopoly is quite solidly in the hands of big business and against any influence by government.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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PERSONALS

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(*Continued on page 48*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG MAN, teacher, interviewer, broad background, skeptical, personable, seeks niche out West. Box 253-Q.

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PERSONALS

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H. Sheds an old covering; molts (Zool.)	130 19 59 44 89 137 186 167 6
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T. Of deathlike pallor.	177 179 57 18 113
U. Means of escape or evasion.	42 158 26 100 1 72 64 171 91
V. Desisted from; ceased using (2 wds.)	148 136 143 88 157 162 127
W. Having a tendency to upset, overthrow, or destroy.	181 166 5 21 105 117 172 34
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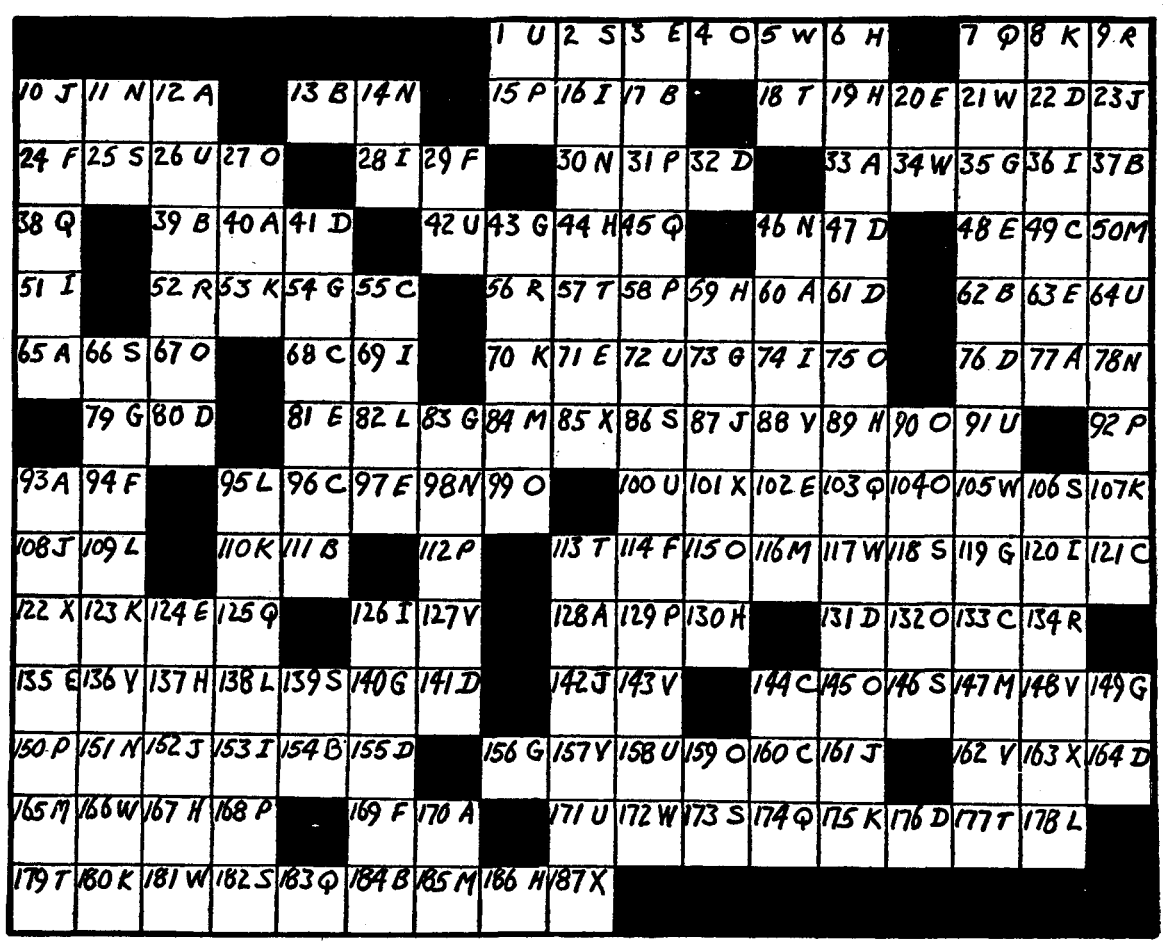

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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...IT RESPECTS NEITHER AGE NOR SEX

IF this child were yours...you would do anything to save him from cancer.

Cancer now ranks second as a cause of death in the United States: unless something is done about it, 17,000,000 American men, women and children now living will die of cancer.

That means that an average of one in every eight of us faces eventual death from this most dreaded of all diseases!

Cancer is no respecter of age or sex: more than 175,000 men, women and children will be its victims during 1946 in this country alone. While medical science has been winning victories over many diseases, deaths from cancer have been steadily increasing. Today more children between the ages of 5 and 20 die of cancer than die of the following four diseases combined: Diphtheria, Infantile Paralysis, Scarlet Fever and Whooping Cough.

The great tragedy of this is that 30% to 50% of cancer deaths are needless. They could have been saved by early recognition of the symptoms of cancer and by early and proper treatment.

It is up to every one of us to help in the fight against cancer on three fronts:

1. To spread the knowledge that cancer is frequently curable if diagnosed in its earliest stages. 2. To provide the most modern facilities for the care and treatment of present cancer patients, and, 3. To launch a really comprehensive, nationwide cancer research program to find the basic cause and cure of cancer.

No one is safe from cancer. And no sacrifice is too great to protect a loved one from it.

GUARD THOSE YOU LOVE...
GIVE TO CONQUER CANCER

The American Cancer Society, Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.
Sirs:

- ☐ I enclose $.....as my gift to fight cancer.
- ☐ Please send me, without cost, information on the "danger signals" of cancer, to protect myself and my family.
- ☐ Please send me the name and address of the nearest cancer information center.

Name_____
PRINT
Street_____
City_____ State_____
ACS No. 2

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"It is a pleasure to announce to the nobility and gentry the first genuine Erasmian we have produced in this country in a long time."

JOHN T. FREDERICK: "Dr. Cohn's book has intellectual shocking power—to stimulate, not to stupefy. His discussion of the critical problems of the support and control of scientific research is especially significant. This is a book to read with active attention—and one that won't stay read: you keep on thinking." —*Chicago Sun*

H. M. KALLEN: "During the past decade it was my lot to have to read scores of disquisitions on education and its 'crisis.' Now one essay comes my way the reading of which is altogether a pleasure. Long resigned to wordy debates done in the turgid Pedagese form which the reticular dialectics of Mr. Hutchins and the companions of his cult give the surcease only of counter-irritants, I find in Dr. Cohn's little book both easement and strengthening. I find myself wishing that I could write like that, on this theme. Not because I entirely agree with Dr. Cohn, though he elicits a very large measure of assent; but because his 101 brief pages impress me as an eloquent, clear, simple, charming, and often epigrammatic configuration of a great mass of reading checked by observation and shaped to insight and beauty by reflection. 'Minerva's Progress' is like the sound and sun of the Park after the subway."—*Saturday Review*

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "To Dr. Cohn's book can be applied the remark he makes on an address of Max Radin: It can be commended to those who delight in skillful argument and the play of a well-stocked mind. Above all, he believes in the American ideal of diversity, of intellectual freedom and 'dissent.' With Jefferson, he believes that the way to realize such informed 'dissent' is through knowing, through reason, and, finally, through choice. That is why he conducts his richly suggestive discussion of what Americans are to know 'with passion, but in good temper'."—*John Herman Randall, Jr.*

PAUL ENGLE: "This brief and brilliant essay on American culture and the place of education in it comes at a time when there cannot be too much discussion of the future instruction of the mind in this country."—*Chicago Tribune*

GERALD W. JOHNSON: "It is a pleasure to announce to the nobility and gentry the first genuine Erasmian we have produced in this country in a long time. After the lengthy procession of Platonists, Thomists, Augustinians, Hutchinsites and Meiklejohannians, bringing each his stone, or at least his fragment of adobe, to the construction of the American temple of philosophy, there is at least the pleasure of novelty in observing his arrival, even if he saunters up bearing what seems to be no more than a shining pebble. Try that pebble for hardness and luster, though, and you may be surprised; the thing looks very much like a gem. . . . Dr. Cohn doesn't know all the answers—far from it. But Erasmus himself knew no better what are the really embarrassing questions."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

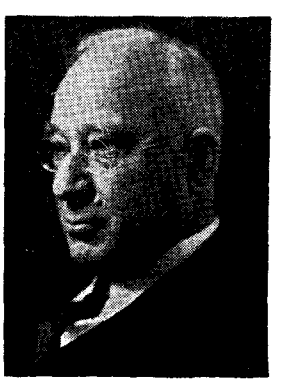
BOSTON HERALD: "Although he modestly describes himself as a layman, Dr. Cohn's essay reveals the brilliant scholar and profound philosopher. In this book our cultural depths are sounded and our institutional substance is probed. A concise style and gift for simplification have enabled the author to attractively portray an otherwise complex and dull subject. The problem is not the concern of educators alone. We all have a stake in the educational structure upon which our culture rests, and laymen as well as educators can learn much from this short volume. Its appearance at this time is a distinct contribution to the cause of education." —*Judge Elijah Adlow*

THE NEW YORKER: "A provocative book (at least, it should provoke a lot of people in important places) of dissenting opinions on American culture, paying special attention to the state of higher education in the United States. Dr. Cohn, a physician and a member emeritus of Rockefeller Institute, has a most civilized style, and what he has written is a useful contribution."

Minerva's Progress

Tradition and Dissent in American Culture

BY DR. ALFRED E. COHN



At all bookstores, $2.00

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